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T H E A R D E N S H A K E S P E A R E

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TWELFTH NIGHT
OR
WHAT YOU WILL

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GENERAL PREFACE

IN this edition of SHAKESPEARE an attempt is made to present the greater plays of the dramatist in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. Criticism purely verbal and textual has only been included to such an extent as may serve to help the student in the appreciation of the essential poetry. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with in the Introductions, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. Æsthetic judgments are never final, but the Editors have attempted to suggest points of view from which the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. In the Notes likewise, while it is hoped that all unfamiliar expressions and allusions have been adequately explained, yet it has been thought even more important to consider the dramatic value of each scene, and the part which it plays in relation to the whole. These general principles are common to the whole series; in detail each Editor is alone responsible for the play or plays that have been intrusted to him.

Every volume of the series has been provided with a Glossary, an Essay upon Metre, and an Index; and Appendices have been added upon points of special interest which could not conveniently be treated in the Introduction or the Notes. The text is based by the several Editors on that of the *Globe* edition.

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INTRODUCTION

1. LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The earliest known edition of *Twelfth Night* is that of the First Folio, 1623, in which the plays of Shakespeare were for the first time collected. We have no knowledge of the text on which this edition was based; but there are very few passages that bear distinct marks of being corrupt, and not many in which emendations occur preferable to the existing text.

The means of settling the date at which a play was written are to be found (1) in references to it in contemporary writers; (2) in phrases in the play which point to contemporary events or writings; and (3) in characteristics of construction, versification, or thought that mark a particular stage in the author's development.

1. The *Palladis Tamia* of Meres, published in 1598, contains a list — whether complete or only partial we cannot tell — of Shakespeare's works up to that time. In this list *Twelfth Night* is not included, so that it was presumably unknown to Meres. We may therefore be reasonably sure that it had not been acted before the close of 1601.

The diary of John Manningham, a barrister, which covers the period from January, 1602,¹ to April, 1603, relates that he saw the play of "Twelve Night or What You Will" performed on February 2, 1602. The extract runs as follows:

"At our feast wee had a play called Twelve night or what you will, much like the commedy of errores or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni a good practise in it to make the steward beleue his Lady widdowe was in Loue with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his Lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his appaile, &c. And then when he came to practise making him beleue they tooke him to be mad."

There can be no possible doubt that Shakespeare's play is here

¹ According to the modern method of reckoning the year as beginning on January 1. At that time January, February, and March were reckoned as the *last* three months of the year, so that what I call January, 1602, was *then* called January, 1601. Such a date is very commonly expressed as "January, 1601-2."

referred to, the only discrepancy being that Olivia is called a "widow," whereas it was her brother for whom she was in mourning. This extract, therefore, taken in conjunction with the omission of *Twelfth Night* from Meres's list, proves that the play had been written some time before the beginning of 1602, but that it probably had not been acted at the end of 1601. It is, of course, possible that the omission from Meres's list was accidental, but Manningham certainly writes of it as a new play.

Steevens, who was an adept at discovering attacks on Shakespeare in Ben Jonson, detects a sneer at this play in a passage from *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was acted in 1599; so that if his surmise be accepted, the date of *Twelfth Night* would have to be moved back. But, apart from the other reasons for looking on Jonson's play as the earlier, the passage in question could scarcely be regarded by an impartial judge as referring to *Twelfth Night*; the misrepresentation would be too gross. The words are in Act iii, sc. 2: "the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid; some such cross wooing." We need not hesitate to dismiss this piece of evidence.

2. Our original belief is strengthened by the "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone" in Act ii, sc. 3, a song which first appeared in the *Book of Ayres*, 1601; though the catch where it occurs might possibly have been interpolated in the play.

Two other passages may be referred to in this connection, but only to be dismissed as affording little, if any, real evidence: (1) "The new map with the augmentation to the Indies" (iii. 2) was supposed by Steevens to refer to the map for *Linschoten's Voyages*, the English edition of which appeared in 1598. Mr. Coote, however, has shown that the map referred to was one of which copies are extant, bound up in the first edition of *Hakluyt's Voyages*, but which records discoveries not known earlier than 1596. (2) Mistress Mall's picture (i. 3), if it refers to "Mall Cutpurse," must have been inserted in the play a good deal later than 1602; but the reference might easily have been interpolated as a "topical" allusion after the play was written; it is quite uncertain whether "Mall Cutpurse" is alluded to; and this certainly could not be regarded as valid evidence against Manningham's diary.

So far, then, the evidence proves conclusively that the play was acted as early as February, 1602, and affords very strong presumption that it was not written earlier than 1597.

3. The rest of the internal evidence confirms these conclusions. The technical characteristics of the early plays are wanting. The verse structure and the use of prose alike belong to the middle period of Shakespeare's work (see Appendix B); the matured skill of the practiced playwright is everywhere evident, while the light-heartedness and buoyancy of the spirit in which it is written are quite different from that grave cheerfulness that marks even the liveliest of the later plays.

Therefore, the final conclusion is that *Twelfth Night* was certainly written not later than the end of 1601, and probably not earlier than 1597.

2. SOURCES OF THE PLOT

It was the habit of all the play-writers of Shakespeare's time to adopt freely the work of their predecessors in constructing their own plays. They rewrote plays that had already been acted or published; they appropriated the plots and characters of other authors, English or foreign; in short, they used any material which came to hand without any regard for any notion of "literary property."

Thus some of Shakespeare's plays are earlier plays rewritten, and we can usually find a novel or a chronicle from which he derived the leading situations of the others. Sometimes he followed his original closely, making merely an occasional improvement. Sometimes he borrowed his main plot and constructed an underplot of his own that entirely changed the general effect. Sometimes he extracted, so to speak, the skeleton out of a story that had never been really alive, and clothed it with flesh and blood, and breathed new life into it until it became living, beautiful, human. Always, whatever the extent of his borrowings might have been, when the play left his hands it was something new, different, — instinct with a genius that none but Shakespeare could have imparted to it. There never was a writer whose materials were more deliberately stolen, or one whose creations were more original, more individual, more unmistakably stamped as the handiwork of the supreme master.

The central ideas of the play of *Twelfth Night* were by no means new. The girl masquerading as a man was a common device: Shakespeare himself had already used it at least three times, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *As You Like It*. The confusion arising from personal likenesses he had

borrowed before in *The Comedy of Errors*. The leading features of his main plot had already been presented in Italian in the *Novelle* of Bandello, and the play *Gl' Ingannati*, in English in Barnabe Riche's story of Apolonius and Silla, and in various other modified forms by numerous writers. But the combination of the main plot with the underplot is Shakespeare's own; it was he who imparted the individuality to every one of his characters; and *Twelfth Night* is as distinctively, as fundamentally, Shakespeare, as if every conception, every incident, and every character had been without any precedent in literature.

Whether Shakespeare had actually read or seen on the stage a story or play that embodied the main features of the leading plot of *Twelfth Night*, we cannot say with absolute certainty. That he knew the plot had been used before for stories or plays is beyond a doubt. And there is at least a very strong presumption that he deliberately adapted for his own purposes one or more of the pieces mentioned above.

Manningham in his diary speaks of the resemblance of *Twelfth Night* to an Italian play that he calls *Inganni* (the deceived). Probably he had in mind a play of that name by Gonzaga (1592), in which a girl masquerades as a man under the name of *Cesare* (cf. Viola's *Cesario*), and is consequently mistaken for her brother. But there is little further resemblance between *Inganni* and *Twelfth Night*.

Possibly, however, Manningham was thinking of another play called *Gl' Ingannati* (the cheated), the likeness of which to *Twelfth Night* is much more marked. Here we have the heroine disguising herself as a boy, taking service with a man with whom she is in love, wooing on his behalf the woman with whom *he* is in love, and winning the lady's love for herself; the appearance on the scene of the brother, confusion between brother and sister, marriage of the lady to the brother, subsequent discovery of the whole blunder, and general joyful marrying off of everybody. This Italian play was almost certainly based on Bandello's story referred to above.

It is by no means sure that Shakespeare knew *Gl' Ingannati*; probably he did. The literary culture of the day was drawn from Italy; Italian words are rather abundant in this play; and Shakespeare was certainly well acquainted with a good deal of Italian literature, though his knowledge of it *may* have been derived almost entirely from translators. Still, the story of Apolonius and Silla is quite near enough to that of *Twelfth Night* to have served as the dramatist's model without his going farther afield. On the

other hand, Barnabe Riche may very possibly have based his story on Bandello's. It is important only to notice that the likeness between *Twelfth Night* and *Gl' Ingannati* does not prove that Shakespeare was actually acquainted with the Italian play; although, just as the name of Cesare in *Inganni* suggests the latter as a direct source of the English play, the occurrence of the name Malevolti in *Gl' Ingannati* looks as if it were the original of Shakespeare's Malvolio.

The story of Apolonius and Silla presents the same leading features, though some of the details vary. Apolonius is the Duke of Constantinople; Silla follows him for love, and enters his service as a page. The love-making at cross purposes goes on in the same way; Silla's brother Silvio appears, and except for a certain grossness of incident which Shakespeare almost alone of Elizabethans successfully avoids, the story works out just as do *Twelfth Night* and *Gl' Ingannati*.

Thus we find that Shakespeare's main plot is a story the principal features of which were common property, while two extant versions, one in English, and one in Italian, bear a close resemblance in many details to the particular version used by Shakespeare; and in another Italian variant, having otherwise much less resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, the heroine adopts the name of Cesare, as Viola adopts that of Cesario. We may fairly conclude, though not with certainty, that Shakespeare had read one or perhaps all of them; at any rate he did not construct the main incidents out of his inner consciousness; and if he actually did come across one of those versions, we may be quite certain that he would have had no scruple whatever about making precisely as much use of it as suited his convenience. But there is no evidence that the underplot, in which Malvolio is the central figure, has been borrowed; the interweaving of the main plot and underplot is entirely original, and every one of the characters is of Shakespeare's own creation.

The name of the play has no obvious connection with the story. Probably it is intended merely to convey that the comedy was suited for production on *Twelfth Night*, a feast set apart for mirth and revels. Possibly it was specially intended for production on the *Twelfth Night* of 1602, just before it was witnessed by Manningham. The subtitle "What You Will" is precisely paralleled by the name of *As You Like It* — "call it *Twelfth Night*, or anything else you please." It appears that some people did please to call it "Malvolio" instead, as that name has been written into the copy owned by Charles I.

Twelfth Night appears to have maintained its popularity; it was

witnessed (and severely condemned) thrice by Samuel Pepys; it was adapted in 1703 by Burnaby, after the usual degrading method of the Restoration dramatists when they altered Shakespeare; Kemble in his day acted the part of Malvolio; and it continues to hold the stage at the present day.

3. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY

Professor Dowden has divided Shakespeare's work into four periods. In the first, the dramatist was learning how to work; in the second, he had mastered the method and attained the high-water mark in the simpler forms of production, his mood throughout this period being buoyant, vigorous, and for the most part glad; in the third stage, the problems of life had assumed a more grim and complex aspect: to this period belong the great tragedies and the two mis-called comedies of *All's Well That Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*; in the fourth he had fought his way through the valley of the shadow and emerged into a clear and serene atmosphere, the mirthfulness of his earlier years and the gloom of his third period having given place to a calm and tender cheerfulness; the plays of this time are neither tragedies nor comedies proper, but romances.

A degree of doubt attaches to the dates of several plays; and it is, of course, obvious that the prevalent mood of one period may have been the passing mood of another; that the dramatist may have fallen into temporary gloom, or shaken off his depression, or reached forth by anticipation to the final sense of calm elevation. But, roughly speaking, this classification of the plays is borne out by the general evidences of date. In 1601 and 1602 Shakespeare was passing from the joyous to the tragic mood, and *Twelfth Night* may be reckoned as the last comedy of the second stage.

A glance at the list of plays which were written probably from 1596 to 1601 will at once reveal the close kinship of mood which pervades them. *Julius Cæsar* is the only tragedy, and that falls in the closing year. There are two preëminently boisterous comedies, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In all the others, pure comedy and romance are combined — whether the romance of war or the romance of love; these are *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*.

This is the primary characteristic of every one of these plays. The romance may predominate in one, the comedy in another; the

humor may be more rollicking when Falstaff appears, the romance may verge on tragedy in the story of Hero; the ingredients, in short, may be mixed in slightly varying proportions; but (to vary the metaphor) the keynote of each is the same—an intense and thorough enjoyment of life, and health, and vigor, a readiness to take things as they come, a freedom from over-anxiety about the morrow, an absence of psychological or metaphysical riddling. By way of illustration, not of definition, one might compare the plays of this period with the novels of Walter Scott, and with less accuracy the plays of the next period with the novels of George Eliot. It is always rather surprising to know that George Eliot regarded Scott as her master; but it becomes less so when we remember that the Shakespeare who drew Hamlet was the same who had drawn Rosalind.

Intimately associated with this keen physical vitality is the somewhat astonishing impulsiveness which marks so many of the leading characters throughout this group of plays. Meditation, hesitation, carefully laid schemes, elaborate reasonings are abundant in the later works. Here the moment's inspiration is acted upon with a habitual promptitude that would take our breath away if we did not feel it to be so supremely natural in these radiant damsels and their lovers, whose brains are as active as their muscles, and whose muscles are trained to perfection. It takes Rosalind five minutes to make up her mind to assume male attire and tramp off to Arden. Portia's device is no less quickly conceived and swiftly carried out. None of these heroines seems to have a qualm about the possible complications that may result. And the consistency and thoroughness with which heroes, heroines, and minor characters as well fall in love at first sight, is of the essence of the temper of these romances. Rosalind and Orlando, Celia and Oliver, see each other once, and never a doubt enters the mind of one of them again. Phebe falls in love with the supposed Ganymede at her first interview. Claudio notices Hero for the first time, and forthwith proposes to marry her. Viola is in love with Orsino three days after their first meeting; Olivia falls in love with Cesario and Sebastian with Olivia before they have known each other for five minutes. And they are all perfectly ready to act on this sudden inspiration with a magnificent confidence, eminently characteristic of a time when men habitually had to make up their minds to deal with sudden emergencies on the spur of the moment; when the spirit of adventure was rife, and a considerable recklessness, coupled with a ready hand and a ready tongue, were essentials of success, so that without them romance

and comedy were like enough to give place to swift tragedy in real life no less than on the stage.

When we come to compare details, we find a variety of resemblances in the stage devices of at least three of the comedies. In *As You Like It*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Twelfth Night*, the plot turns on the heroine passing herself off as a youth. Phebe falls in love with Rosalind, as Olivia does with Viola. Feste is a more featherbrained Touchstone, as Lancelot Gobbo is a kind of clownish Feste. Lorenzo is first cousin to Orsino, and Sebastian is quite akin to Orlando. And in each of these three plays we may particularly remark that it is not the wisdom of a man, but the wit of a woman that controls the ultimate destinies of the actors.

Before turning to a detailed examination of the characters in *Twelfth Night*, we may remark certain general characteristics in the construction of the play.

The whole piece is notably harmonious: the same spirit runs through it from beginning to end. There are many passages of a fine poetic beauty in it, such as Viola's "She never told her love." The humor waxes somewhat boisterous when Sir Toby is in his cups; but the jesting is never so broad that it jars with the poetry, the poetry is never so serious that it puts us out of tune for the revelry. The most passionate passages are tinged with humor from the unconscious irony of the situation; the most extravagant scenes are free from any taint of grossness. Comedy and romance are more completely blended—the piece is, so to speak, more thoroughly on one plane all through—than in any other of the series, with the possible exception of *As You Like It*.

The ease with which the story runs on, the technical mastery of construction whereby fresh situations are perpetually evolved without any sense of strain, the entire freedom from patchiness, the unflinching liveliness, the manner in which the attention is riveted on the action from first to last, mark the piece as the production of a past master in the craft of playwriting. By laying the scene in Illyria, the dramatist secures a freedom in the setting of the story which would hardly have been obtainable if he had selected a more definite geographical locality.

But while every part is made to fit into every other part, so that everything appears to turn out precisely as it must have happened, Shakespeare was at no pains to ensure that there should be no small slips, nothing that the adverse critic might find to make merry over if he looked for it hard enough. He does not appear to have given

Twelfth Night any detailed and accurate revision. Orsino is a count or a duke at pleasure. Malvolio reads Maria's epistle, and proceeds to refer to particular letters as giving the authorship, although they have not occurred in it at all. Orsino says that Cesario has been in his service three months on the fourth day after Viola landed in Illyria. Shakespeare did not take the trouble to correct these inconsistencies, for the simple reason that no audience would notice them; they have no effect on the *vraisemblance* of a story that is avowedly a *Twelfth Night* extravagance, in which there is no demand for rigid realism. Similarly, Shakespeare felt himself at perfect liberty to introduce the Fairy Court in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or Hymen in *As You Like It*, without any intention of implying that Hymen or Oberon are to be met in the flesh by visitors to the woods of Arden or Attica. Shakespeare would fare but ill at the hands of a conscientious critic of the school which maintains that art is the photographic reproduction of natural objects.

4. THE CHARACTERS

The heroine and central character of this play unquestionably is Viola, whom it is impossible to avoid placing in direct comparison with Rosalind. Both are eminently quick-witted and warm-hearted; both can face misfortune with resolution, and with a fine capacity for grasping the humorous features of the situation; each has a feminine horror of blood and bloodshed; each can assume the boy's part, while the audacity of each is coupled with an innate refinement of such force that the veriest prude could charge neither of them with a suspicion of immodesty. Each has the delicacy of feeling, the tenderness, the generosity, the tact, the loyalty, and the resourcefulness that make them irresistibly lovable. Of the two, however, Viola has much the more difficult part to play, if only because she must play it unaided, while Rosalind has Celia to give her very material assistance. Yet this is not all: for Rosalind has her own loyal lover to make love to, and knows all the time that he is in love with her; she can lavish unexpected fascinations on him as she could not have done in her true character; she has nothing to fear, and no one but herself to consider. Viola, on the other hand, loving Orsino with self-denying devotion, has to woo the affections of a rival on his behalf, with only the semi-consolation that the attempt is obviously useless. Yet even under these hard conditions her generosity never fails. She makes the

attempt loyally and frankly. She shows no jealous depreciation when her rival removes the veil from her face, but expresses her admiration in terms obviously sincere. She carefully shields Olivia when the latter sends Malvolio after her with the ring, as anyone less generous and less quick-witted must have failed to do. She speaks up for Antonio, even when he is railing upon her in a manner wholly unintelligible to her; and all this with the burden of a fresh and unrequited love upon her heart. Altogether, one feels that she is very much too good for Orsino; but then it is an almost universal rule that Shakespeare's heroines are a degree too good for their mates.

Olivia is an admirable foil to Viola. Her position as a wealthy heiress has given her a certain habit of dignity that makes us fancy her somewhat older; yet if we are to suppose any actual difference in age, it must be very slight; for she ought not to impress us as being older than Sebastian. But she has been brought up among grandees; she is the responsible head of a household that requires skillful and dignified control to keep its members within tolerable bounds; and she has developed the stately manner which accords with her position. For all that, she is the most impulsive of the whole very impulsive group, and has something of the spoiled child about her that contrasts with the combined frankness and self-control of Viola. Her feelings are not so deep, but she is more emotional; like Orsino, she feels a distinct enjoyment in playing with grief; her melancholy is extremely self-conscious, and when we are first introduced to her she is already beginning to feel weary of it, and to crave for some new emotion. We cannot quite believe in the genuineness of her declaration that she is going to spend seven years in mourning, nor do we feel the smallest surprise when her exaggerated grief gives sudden place to exaggerated passion. Not being endowed with that sense of humor which is the natural enemy of superficial emotion, she gives her sentimentality free play, and is rather proud of it. She is obviously clever and cultivated, but she lacks Viola's readiness of repartee and quick resourcefulness. She would have mated ill with Orsino, because she is so like him. Sebastian, with his energy and promptness, is well adapted to give her what she needs.

It is something of a flaw in Viola that she should care so much for Orsino, but it is common enough to find a strong character like hers becoming devoted to a weak one like his. Highly cultivated, thoroughly artistic, with sensibilities very easily touched, much of what has already been said of Olivia applies to him with

at least equal force. He has little real resolution; his persistence in his suit for Olivia's hand is the obstinacy of a spoiled child who has set his heart on a particular toy — not because another would not do equally well, but because he wants to have his own way. So Orsino languishes for Olivia, feeds his passion with choice airs, and talks beautifully of the desperate vehemence of his devotion with graceful self-commiseration. But he has not the faintest intention of allowing his life to be blighted by an unrequited attachment; he, too, has begun to feel that he would like some new game to play at; and when Olivia's marriage is capped by the discovery that he is himself beloved by a particularly charming girl, who is, moreover, a skilled musician, the frantic passion for his former love gives place, without a sign of effort, to an affection which Orsino no doubt afterwards felt to be highly magnanimous and creditable. There is a peculiar and delightful irony about the way in which the unconscious count lectures his supposed page on the comparative constancy of men and women, declaring, within the compass of a single scene, that men are much the more fickle and that women are incapable of such intense devotion as his.

With Sebastian and Antonio the list of serious characters concludes; and they call for little remark. Sebastian is so young that his smooth face can be mistaken for his sister's; but he is a man in manners, and always able to play a man's part with his tongue or his sword, as circumstances may require. Antonio is a warm-hearted, hot-headed sailor, ready to take an enemy's life in fair fight or to lose his own on his friend's behalf, loyal, daring to recklessness, — the type of sea-dog with which all England was familiar in the days of Drake and Hawkins.

With regard to the characters in the underplot, Fabian and Maria may be dismissed in a few words. The former, in fact, is superfluous, his only real function being to act as a slightly restraining influence upon his boisterous companions. Maria is a smart waiting-maid, of a type not usually given so much prominence by Shakespeare, but fitted to the company in which she finds herself — a clever, quick-witted damsel, with an eye to the main chance and a very keen enjoyment of a joke, practical or otherwise; a young woman who plays her cards with marked success, secures the downfall of her enemy Malvolio, and captures an admiring spouse in the person of Sir Toby; wholly without the refined attractiveness of a Nerissa, but decidedly a lively and entertaining companion.

Sir Andrew is an ideal butt. He is perhaps the most perfectly foolish personage ever presented on the stage; not so much a developed Slender as an embryo Justice Shallow. A complete ignoramus, utterly incapable of grasping a witticism, he is anxious to pass as a man of parts, and tumbles into every word-trap that his hero Sir Toby or the clown lays for him. A thorough coward, he is fain to believe himself a perfect fire-eater. An obvious lout, he swallows compliments on his personal appearance without the dimmest suspicion that he is a general laughing-stock, though he has a naïve consciousness that "there be many do call me fool." He is a source of endless enjoyment and profit to Sir Toby and to Feste — the former gulling him into an uneasy conviction that he may yet compass a marriage with Olivia, and continually devising ways of getting possession of the hapless fellow's money.

Feste is a much less original creation than Touchstone. He is a clever jester, quick of retort, singularly audacious, and with a special aptitude for introducing sudden and disconcerting turns in conversation which enable him to leave the field with all the honors of victory just when he seems to have been driven into a corner from which there is no escape. But he never gives us those gems of worldly wisdom decked out with motley that render Touchstone in *As You Like It* supreme among jesters; nor does he display that benign tenderness of heart that makes Touchstone so lovable a cynic. Ingenious critics have indeed found in the closing song an epitome of life's philosophy; yet to the ordinary intelligence the words of that ditty do not convey any exceptionally deep thought. Feste is a mirthful being and a pleasant songster; but even at best his wit is of the second order, and he has no hidden depth of character.

The leader of the roystering crew is Sir Toby Belch; and in him there is a faint reminiscence of Falstaff, though he never approaches the supremacy of the fat knight. The resemblance, in fact, lies in little more than their common possession of a shrewd wit, an ample good nature, a taste for canary, and a plentiful lack of conscience. Falstaff consumes vast quantities of liquor, but he is never drunk; Sir Toby is never at any time really sober. Falstaff does perpetual battle with the quick wits of Prince Hal; Sir Toby is chiefly occupied in "drawing" the foolish Sir Andrew. He has an immense and genial appreciation of the humors of a situation, a natural skill in talking intentional nonsense, and an aptitude for more or less appropriate punning; but these qualities

will not for a moment bear comparison with the supreme imperturbability of Falstaff, his power of wriggling out of an impossible situation, his irresistible audacity, his unfailing ingenuity.

The one character in the play about whom there is something of a controversy is Malvolio. To some readers he appears to be a solemn prig, a kind of puritanical Sir Andrew, and nothing more. At the opposite extreme are those who find in his misfortunes a cause of tears rather than laughter. Malvolio appears to me to be one of those characters who have been studied and analyzed until criticism has become somewhat confused. On the one hand, it ought to be quite obvious that he is not merely a solemn prig. He has the complete confidence of Olivia, is clearly held in high esteem by her, and is known to be so by Orsino. His mistress declares that she would not have him miscarry for the half of her dowry, and there is a general desire at the end of the play to soothe him back into good humor. It is impossible not to recognize that he is most conscientious and trustworthy; but these excellent qualities are marred by an overweening vanity and a complete lack of humor. Now there is much solace to be derived from the exposure and punishment of villainy; we feel a glow of conscious virtue when the heavy hand of justice falls upon the evil-doer. But this is not to be compared with the abundant satisfaction of seeing a vain man made into a mock. For the vain man is a perpetual source of irritation; it is an annoyance to feel that he looks down upon us; his prosperity is a kind of slight to those admirable qualities of our own which are patent to the shrewd observer though we make no parade of them. And, therefore, when the vain man is brought low, when the pompous man is rendered ridiculous, when the superior person is exposed in an act of manifest folly, human nature rejoices greatly. Because he is "sick of self-love," pompous, a prig, the downfall of Malvolio appeals to our instincts as exceedingly right and proper; but because he is a worthy soul at bottom, we are fully satisfied by his one disaster; the balance being redressed, so that he can never more parade his superiority, we have no wish for further vengeance; and we are no less pleased that he is to be "entreated to a peace" than we were to see him toppled from his high estate.

Of Malvolio as a typical puritan, I have spoken at length in a note at the end of this volume. It will suffice to remark here that his puritanism is not of the militant theological order, but belongs only to the region of manners and morals. He is an example not of its vices but of its follies; a person to be looked upon not with

scorn or hate, but with amusement tempered with respect, and even with pity. For, however overweening his pretensions to virtue, however preposterous his dreams may be, the virtues are really there, and it is a hard thing to have one's dreams shattered. Malvolio deserves to be smitten for his vanity; but he deserves, too, to be respected for his underlying worth.

The Globe text, being now generally recognized as the standard, has been adhered to in this edition unless for some exceptionally strong reason, though in the notes a preference is occasionally expressed for some other version.

TWELFTH NIGHT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO	Duke of Illyria
SEBASTIAN	Brother to Viola
ANTONIO	A sea captain, friend to Sebastian
A SEA CAPTAIN	Friend to Viola
VALENTINE } CURIO }	Gentlemen attending on the Duke
SIR TOBY BELCH	
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	
MALVOLIO	Steward to Olivia
FABIAN FESTE, a clown }	Servants to Olivia
OLIVIA	
VIOLA	
MARIA	Olivia's woman
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants	

SCENE — A city in ILLYRIA, and the seacoast near it

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ACT I

SCENE I — *A room in the DUKE's palace*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on; ¹
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting;²
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall;⁴
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick;⁹ and fresh art thou,
That, ¹⁰ notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch;¹² soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy;¹⁴ - love
That it alone;¹⁵ is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt;¹⁶ my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.¹⁷

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;

And my desires, like fell^{2 2} and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.^{2 2}

Enter VALENTINE

How now! what news from her?
Val. So please^{2 4} my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,^{2 6}
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.^{3 2}

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of [that fine
frame
To pay^{3 4} this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft^{3 5}
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,^{3 7}
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers: 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — *The sea-coast*

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.²⁻⁴

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance⁵ that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.⁶

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with }⁷
chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number^{7c} saved with you 10
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion¹⁵ on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold }¹⁷⁻¹⁸

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?^{21?}!

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born²²
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name
him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30

For but a month ago I went from hence,
 And then 'twas fresh in murmur, — as, you know,
 What great ones do the less will prattle of, —
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?³⁵

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
 That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjured the company } ⁴⁰ 1
 And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady
 And might not be delivered⁴² to the world,
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
 What my estate is! } ⁴³⁻⁴

Cap. That were hard to compass;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
 And though that that⁴⁵ nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.⁵¹ 50
 I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:⁵
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
 And speak to him in many sorts of music
 That will allow⁵⁷ me very worth his service.
 What else may hap to time I will commit; 60

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee : lead me on. [Exeunt.

SCENE III — A room in OLIVIA'S house

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Sir To. What a plague¹ means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights : your cousin², my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.¹

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer¹⁰ than I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in ; and so be these boots too : an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose ?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats : he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for ³⁰ besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: ⁴⁰ I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.⁴ What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew. 50

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight: “accost” is front her, board⁶⁹ her, woo her, assail her. 80

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of “accost”?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand. 70

Sir And. Marry,⁷¹ but you shall have; and here’s my hand. 73

Mar. Now, sir, “thought is free”: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what’s your metaphor?

Mar. It’s dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what’s your jest? 80

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers’ ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.⁷⁴ [*Exit.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes

I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I ⁹⁰ believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is "pourquoi"? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts! ⁹⁹

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. ¹⁰⁰

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature. ¹⁰⁵

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: ¹¹¹ your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight ¹²⁰ in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses; knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man. ¹²⁶

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't. 130

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick ¹³¹ simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? ¹³⁶ why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent con- 140 stitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard. ¹⁴¹⁻²

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well ¹⁴³⁻² in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus? ¹⁴⁵

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! 150

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV — *A room in the Duke's palace*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour⁵ or my negligence, that⁶ you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but¹² all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access³, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds².¹ Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes;
 She will attend it better in thy youth
 Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke.

Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall ³⁰ yet belie thy happy years,
 That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
 Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
 All, if you will; for I myself am best
 When least in company. Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio.

I'll do my best

To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — A Room in OLIVIA'S house

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast
 been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle
 may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang
 thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in
 this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee
 where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours." 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging²⁶ prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away,²¹ let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall. ²⁶

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. ²⁹

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. *[Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." 40

Enter Lady OLIVIA with MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.] 45

Oli. Go to, you're a ⁴⁵dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.^{4c}

Clo. Two faults, madonna,⁴⁷ that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; ⁵⁰ if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched.⁵² virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism⁵⁴⁻⁵ will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true counsellor but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away. | 56

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

Clo. Misprision⁶¹ in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus⁶² non facit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously,⁶³ good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse⁶⁴ of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide ⁷⁰ your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires^{1c} to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young ¹¹⁰ man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman¹⁴⁻⁵: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if ¹²⁰ thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for, — here he comes, — one¹²² of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.¹²³

Enter SIR TOBY

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he¹²⁴ at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby? 130

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lethargy! I defy lethargy. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; 14C
the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned : go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were 150
asleep ; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he ?

Mal. Why, of mankind. 160

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner ; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young

enough for a boy; as a ¹⁶squash is before 't is a peascod, or a ¹⁶⁷codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in ¹⁶⁸standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk ¹⁷⁰were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA and Attendants

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

180

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the, least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian? ¹⁹⁵

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp ¹⁹⁷ yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours ²⁰⁰ to reserve. But this is from my commission: ²⁰¹ I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at ²¹⁰ you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping ²¹³ a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull ²¹⁶ here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, ²¹⁷ sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger. 220

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no

overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me ²²⁴ 230 have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhood; to your ears, divinity, ²³³ to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*]
Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 240

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of ²⁵⁰ your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, ²⁵⁴ sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent,²⁵⁷ whose red and ²⁵ white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :

Lady, you are the cruell'st she²⁵⁸ alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave

260

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ;
I will give out divers schedules of my beauty : it
shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil
labelled to my will : 'as, item, two lips, indifferent
red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; item,
one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent
hither to praise me ?

269

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

270

My lord and master loves you : O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were
crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot
love him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well-divulged, free, learn'd and valiant
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracions person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

280

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons²⁵⁷ of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ; 390
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out " Olivia ! " O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,²⁷⁴
But you should pity me !²⁹⁵

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse :
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. " What is your parentage ? "
" Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art ; 310
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft,
soft !

Unless the master were the man.³¹³ How now!
 Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
 With an invisible and subtle stealth
 To creep in³¹⁵⁻¹⁷ at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
 What ho, Malvolio! 3 5

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
 The county's man:³²⁰ he left this ring behind him, 320
 Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
 Desire him not to flatter with³²¹ his lord,
 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
 If that³²⁴ the youth will come this way to-morrow,
 I'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find³²⁷⁻⁸
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;³²⁹
 What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.* 330

ACT II

SCENE I — *The sea-coast*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not
 that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine
 darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might
 perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave

of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone :
it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any
of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are
bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage is
mere extravagancy.¹² But I perceive in you so ex-
cellent a touch¹³ of modesty, that you will not extort
from me what I am willing to keep in ; therefore
it charges me in manners the rather to express¹⁵ my-
self. You must know of me then, Antonio, my
name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My
father was that Sebastian of Messaline,¹⁶ whom I
know you have heard of. He left behind him my-
self and a sister, both born in an hour : if the²⁰
heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended !
but you, sir, altered that ; for some hour before you
took me from the breach of the sea was my sister
drowned.

Ant. Alas the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
resembled me, was yet of many accounted beauti-
ful : but, though I could not with such estimable
wonder²⁸ overfar believe that, yet thus far I will
boldly publish her ; she bore a mind that envy³⁰
could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir,
with salt water, though I seem to drown her remem-
brance again with more.³²

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let
me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered³⁷, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of 40 kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother⁴¹⁻⁴², that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II — *A street*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following

Mal. Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it⁶ away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance⁷ she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come⁹ again in his affairs, unless it 10 be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so!¹¹

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.¹³

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so¹⁵ returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
 She made good view of me; indeed, so much, 20
 That sure²¹ methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
 Poor lady, she were better²⁷ love a dream.
 Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant²⁹ enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper-false³¹ 30
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
 For such as we are made of, such we be.
 How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster,³⁵ fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,³⁷
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am a woman, — now alas the day! —
 What thriftless⁴¹ sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 40
 O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie!⁴² [*Exit.*]

SCENE III — *A room in OLIVIA'S house*

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes²; and "diluculo surgere," thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?¹⁰

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"⁷

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.^c I had rather than forty shillings I had such²⁰ a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fool-³⁰ing, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a —]³⁶

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 40

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure: 50

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,⁶¹

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious⁶⁵ breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.⁶⁶

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

70

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*Catch sung.*]

Enter MARIA

Mar. What a caterwauling⁷⁶ do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey,⁵¹ and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally.⁵³ Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] "O, the twelfth day of December," —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit,[?] manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. ¹⁰⁰
Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round¹⁰² with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."
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Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?" ¹²⁰

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more

than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? } 27-4

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.¹²⁸⁻⁹ A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's¹³⁰ favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule.¹³² she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.¹³⁴

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field,¹³⁶ and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of¹⁴⁰ mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull¹⁴⁵ him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us; possess us; tell us something of him. 150

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.¹⁵¹

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite¹⁵² reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ¹⁶¹ ass, that cons¹⁶⁴ state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded¹⁶² of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expres- ¹⁷³ sure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that ¹⁸⁰ colour. ¹⁵⁰⁻¹

Sir And. And your horse ¹⁵³ now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the

letter: observe his construction of it. For this 190
 night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilia,¹⁹²

Sir And. Before me,¹⁹³ she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that
adores me;¹⁹⁴ what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need
 send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover²⁰⁰ your niece, I am a²⁰⁰
foul way out.²⁰¹

Sir To. Send for money,²⁰² knight: if thou hast
 her not i' the end, call me cut.²⁰³

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it
 how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack;
 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come,
 knight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — *A room in the DUKE'S palace*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good mor-
 row, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
 That old and antique³ song we heard last night:
 Methought it did relieve my passion⁴ much,
 More than light airs and recollected terms ⁵
 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
 Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship,
 that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio. Music plays.]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour. 25

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years,
i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman
take 30

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,³¹
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; ⁵⁵
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 40

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last
night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones ⁴⁶
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, ⁴⁷
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. ⁴⁸

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [Music. 50

SONG ⁵¹

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
On my black coffin let there be strown;

Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
 thrown :

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there !

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing,
 sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one
 time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee. / 74

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee ; and
 the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta,
 for thy mind is a very opal. / I would have men of
 such constancy put to sea, that their business might
 be every thing and their intent every where ; for
 that's it that always makes a good voyage of so
 nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Curio and Attendants retire.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :
 Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
 Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
 The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
 Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
 But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
 That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir ? 90

Duke. I ⁹¹cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.⁹⁹
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver,¹⁰¹ but the palate,
That suffer ¹⁰²surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all ¹⁰³as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare¹⁰⁴
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe¹⁰⁵ Olivia.

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Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved¹¹⁰ a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

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Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed

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Our shows are more than will; for still we prove 128
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S garden

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Sir To. Come thy ways,¹ Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple² of this
sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the
niggardly rascally sheep-biter³ come by some notable
shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought
me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting⁴
here. 10

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again;
and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not,
Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India!¹⁷

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Mal-
volio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder
i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow 20

this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*] ; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy,²⁹ it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't ?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced³⁵ plumes !

Sir And. 'S light,³⁵ I could so beat the rogue !

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio !

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace !

Mal. There is example for 't ; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel !

Fab. O, peace ! now he's deeply in : look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye !

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, —

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state;⁶⁵ and after a demure travel of regard,⁶⁶ telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for kinsman Toby, —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my my⁶⁶ some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies⁶⁷ there to me, —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with⁷⁰ cars,⁷¹ yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech," —

Sir To. What, what? 80

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. “Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,” —

Sir And. That ’s me, I warrant you.

Mal. “One Sir Andrew,” —

Sir And. I knew ’t was I; for many do call me fool. 90

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock ⁹¹ near the gin. [Taking up the letter.]

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady’s hand: these be her very C’s, her U’s and her T’s; and thus ⁹¹ makes she her great P’s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C’s, her U’s and her T’s: why that? 100

Mal. [Reads] “To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes”:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: ’t is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads]

Jove knows I love:

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know. 110

“No man must know.” What follows? the numbers altered! “No man must know”: if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads*]

I may command where I adore;
 But silence, like a Lucrece knife,¹¹⁶
 With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
 M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian¹¹⁹ riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. 120

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay,
 but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish¹²³ o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks¹²⁴
 at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why,
 she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady.
 Why, this is evident to any formal capacity¹²⁸; there
 is no obstruction in this: and the end,— what
 should that alphabetical position portend? If I¹³⁰
 could make that resemble something in me,—
 Softly! M, O, A, I, —

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold
 scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though
 it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins
 my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the
 cur is excellent at faults.¹³² 140

Mal. M, — but then there is no consonancy in
the sequel¹³⁴; that suffers under probation: A should
 follow, but O does.

144

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 150

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow 152 to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. [*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood¹⁶⁰ and spirit embrace them; and, to 160 inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with¹⁶² a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity¹⁶⁴: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered¹⁶⁷: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, 168 if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy 170 to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services¹⁷² with thee,

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers¹⁷⁴ not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors. 175
I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaint-

tance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; ¹⁷⁸ for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, ¹⁸⁰ she did praise my leg being crossed-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, ¹⁸⁶ in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in ¹⁹⁰ thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, ¹⁹² I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. ¹⁹⁷

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device. ²⁰⁰

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him ²³⁰ into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, ²²³ thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I — OLIVIA'S garden

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. Indeed words are very rascals since bonds¹⁶ disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car-³⁰ est for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards³⁹ are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed ⁴⁰ not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry,⁴¹ sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me,⁴⁵ I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next ⁵⁰ commodity of hair; 50
send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick
for one; (*Aside*) though I would not have it grow
on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to 63
them whence you come; who you are and what you
would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," 65
but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time, 70
And, like the haggard,⁷¹ check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.⁷⁴⁻⁵

Enter SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde,¹⁸ monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 80

Sir To. Will you encounter the house; my
niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade⁸² be
to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she
is the list⁸⁷ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs,⁸⁵ sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir,

than I understand what you mean by bidding me so taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.⁹⁴

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours"; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] ¹⁰⁰

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed": I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world Since lowly feigning¹⁰⁰ was call'd compliment: 110
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him :
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.¹²³

120

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse¹²⁴
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : what might you
think ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake¹²⁹
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your
receiving¹³¹

130

Enough is shown : a cypress¹³², not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize ; for 't is a vulgar proof,¹³⁵
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile
again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf ! [*Clock strikes.* 140

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
 There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!¹⁴² Grace and good dis-
 position

Attend your ladyship !

You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me? 150

Oli. Stay :

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think¹⁵¹ you are not what you
 are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right : I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am ?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid : love's night is

noon.

160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;

But rather reason thus with reason fetter,

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
 And that no woman has¹⁷¹; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam : nevermore
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst
 move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — *A room in OLIVIA'S house*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy
 reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir
 Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more
 favours to the count's serving-man than ever she
 bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell
 me that. 10

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
 toward you.

Sir And. 'S light, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the
 oaths of judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen¹⁷
 since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your
 sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dor- 20

¹⁰
mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt²⁶ of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north²⁷⁻²⁸ of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard²⁹, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either 30 of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist³³ as a politician.³⁴

Sir To. Why, then, build me³⁵ thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me³⁶ the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker³⁷ in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of 40 valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst⁴⁵ and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him⁴⁸ some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big 50 enough for the bed of Ware⁵¹ in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in

thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo : go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but eo you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the

letter that I dropped to betray him : he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map^{8f} with the augmentation of the Indies : you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. 90
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — *A street*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you : my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks⁵, and ever thanks. Too oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent¹⁶ pay :
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques⁹ of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown²⁴ this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys²⁶
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; 30
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd³² in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed³⁶ in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me,³⁸ Hold, sir, here 's my
purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,³⁹
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak out diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowl-
edge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — OLIVIA'S garden

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

Oli. I have sent after him : he says he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or bor-
row'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio ? he is sad^s and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes :
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange
manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ? 10

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile :
your ladyship were best to have some guard about
you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in's
wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am
as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio !

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

20

Mal. Sad, lady ! I could be sad : this does

make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the ³⁰ sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet heart.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-⁴⁰ness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness": 't was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great," —

Oli. Ha!

Mal. "Some achieve greatness," —

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."⁵⁰

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings," —

Oli. Thy⁵⁴ yellow stockings!

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so"; —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still." 60

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.⁶¹

Enter Servant

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 70

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me⁷¹ now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently⁷² sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage,⁸⁰ a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's⁸² doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to": fellow!

not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple⁸³, no obstacle, no incredulous⁸⁹ or unsafe circumstance — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me ⁹⁰ and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion⁹⁵ himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off. 100

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say? 110

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 120

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. ¹²⁵ What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier! 130

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. 140

Sir To. His very geniús hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take ¹⁴⁵ air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure 150 and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of

breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Fab. More matter for a May morning.¹⁵⁵

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read. 160

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*Reads*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."¹⁶⁴

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*Reads*] "Thou comest to the lady 170 Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat: that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. [*Reads*] "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me," —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."¹⁸⁰

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*Reads*] "Fare thee well; and God have

mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he ¹⁹⁰ is now in some commerce¹⁹ with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation¹⁹⁹ than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away! ²⁰⁰

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the ²¹⁰ gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA with VIOLA

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 220

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof. 226

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears

Goes on my master's grief. 228

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow. 230
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my
master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee
well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee²⁴⁰ to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,⁴⁴ be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

250

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched²⁵¹ rapier and on carpet²⁵⁵ consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this²⁶⁰ moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct²⁶⁵ of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you²⁷⁰ on and give him his desire. Back you shall not

to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know²⁷⁸ of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. 280

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement²⁸⁷; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to ²⁹⁰ read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest²⁹⁸ than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.* 300

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago³⁰². I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck

in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.³⁰⁷

Sir And. Plague on 't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

310

Sir And. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up³²⁰ the quarrel: 320 I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited³²² of him: and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

330

Vio. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy ;
the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one
bout with you ; he cannot by the duello³³⁹ avoid it :
but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and
a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to 't. 340

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath !

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentle-
man

Have done offence, I take the fault on me ;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir ! why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do
more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker³⁴⁹, I am for
you. [*They draw.* 350

Enter Officers

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ! here come the
officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ; and, for that I
promised you, I 'll be as good as my word : he will
bear you easily and reins well. 3

First Off. This is the man ; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of 300
Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour ³⁶³
well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with
seeking you:

But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you 370

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;

But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I 'll lend you something: my having ^{is} not much;

I 'll make division of my present with you: 380

Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is 't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 390

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable ³⁹⁷worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us? The time goes
by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 400
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind: ⁴⁰²
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers.]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion
fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 410

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two ⁴¹³of
most sage saws. ⁴¹³

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living ⁴¹⁵in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more ⁴²⁰
 a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in
 leaving his friend here in necessity and denying
 him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, reli-
 gious in it.

Sir And. 'S lid, I 'll after him again and beat
 him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw
 thy sword. [Exit.

Sir And. An I do not, —

430

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing
 yet. [Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I — *Before OLIVIA'S house*

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not
 sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
 Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know
 you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid
 you come speak with her; nor your name is not
 Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.
 Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, ¹⁰vent thy folly somewhere else: 10
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber,¹⁴ the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness¹⁵⁻¹⁶ and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek,¹⁹ depart from me: There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer, 20
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report — after fourteen years' purchase.²⁴

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er æ the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on,¹ sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery^{2, 3, 4} against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; ⁴²⁻³ come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest tempt ⁴⁵ me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam! 50

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent ⁵⁷

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby 60

Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart ⁶³ of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

66

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — OLIVIA'S house

Enter MARIA and CLOWN

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies,¹ Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc,^{1b} "That that is is": so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as 40 barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.⁴¹

Mal. I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, 50 there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant⁵³ question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras⁵⁴ concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.⁶⁸

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not. 70

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.⁷⁶ Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*]

Clo. [*Singing*] "Hey, Robin,⁷⁴ jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

Mal. Fool! 80

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. "She loves another" — Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio? 90

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits? ⁹²

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; ⁹⁷ keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all ¹⁰⁰ they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you ¹⁰² what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say! 110

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent ¹¹² for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down

to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than
ever the bearing of letter did. 120

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true,
are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see
his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree:
I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir, 130

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,¹³⁵

Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad; 140

Adieu, good man devil. [Exit.

SCENE III — OLIVIA'S garden

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,^b
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;

For though my soul disputes well with my sense,⁹
 That this may be some error, but no madness, 10
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance,¹² all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I am mad
 Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
 She could not sway her house, command her fol-
 lowers,
 Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
 With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
 As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't 20
 That is deceivable.²¹ But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean
 well,

Now go with me and with this holy man
 Into the chantry²⁴ by: there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;] 26
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles²⁹ you are willing it shall come to note,
What time³⁰ we will our celebration keep 30
 According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and
 heavens so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine!

ACT V

SCENE I — Before OLIVIA'S house

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO and Lords

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings. 10

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an 20 ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: so there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, ³⁵ sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. ³⁶

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, ³⁷ to be a double dealer: there 's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the ⁴⁰ triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, ⁴² sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: ⁴⁵ if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of ⁵⁰ covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling ⁵⁷ vessel was he captain of,

For shallow draught and bulk unprizable⁵⁸;
 With which such scathful grapple did he make
 With the most noble bottom⁶⁰ of our fleet, 80
 That very envy and the tongue of loss⁶¹
 Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the
 matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
 That took the Phoenix and her fraught⁶² from Candy;
 And this is he that did the Tiger board,
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,⁶⁷
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side ;
 But in conclusion put strange speech upon me : 70
 I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their
 mercies,
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,⁷⁴
 Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give
 me

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
 Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
 That most ingrateful boy there by your side, 80
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
 His life I gave him and did thereto add
 My love, without retention or restraint,
 All his in dedication ; for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love
 Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
 Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
 Which I had recommended^{g/y} to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months
 before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven
 walks on earth 100

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are mad-
 ness;

Three months^{ibz} this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
 have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
 Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my
 lord, —

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

110

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome¹¹² to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel!

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil
lady,¹¹⁶

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath¹¹⁹ breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do
it,

120

Like to the Egyptian thief¹²¹ at point of death,
Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:¹²³

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws¹²⁶ me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;

But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,

130

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt¹²⁵ and willingly;

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio.

After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

140

Punish my life for tainting¹⁴¹ of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot¹⁴⁴ thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Duke.

Come, away!

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio.

No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety!¹⁵⁰

150

Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,

Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, 160
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings; ¹⁶²
 And all the ceremony of this compact ¹⁶³
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: ¹⁶⁴
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
 grave
 I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou
 be
 When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? ¹⁶⁸
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? 170
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest —

Oli. ¹⁷⁴ O, do not swear!
 Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
 Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has
 given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love
 of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound 180
 I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
 we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
 incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

190

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN

Here comes Sir Toby halting¹⁹⁷; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you? 200

Sir To. That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set²⁰⁴ at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.*²⁰⁵⁻⁶ Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures payn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll 210 be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard²¹⁹ upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you: 220
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.²²²

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons,²¹⁴
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too, 240
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension²⁴⁴ grossly clad
Which from my birth I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,²⁴⁶
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. 250

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record²⁵³ is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets²⁵⁶ to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do²⁵⁷ cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,

260
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To Olivia] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook:²⁶³

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble²⁷⁰ is his blood. 270

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
 [To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
 times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all these sayings will I over-swear;
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul
 As doth that orb'd continent²⁷⁸ the fire
 That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 280

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
 Hath my maid's garments: he upon²⁸² some action
 Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge²⁸⁵ him: fetch Malvolio
 hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,²⁸⁶
 They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.²⁸⁷

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN

A most extracting²⁸⁸ frenzy of mine own
 From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
 How does he, sirrah? 290

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
 stave's end as well as a man in his case may do:
 has here writ a letter to you; I should have given
 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles
 are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are
 delivered.

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool

²⁹⁹
delivers the madman. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam," —

300

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox*,³⁰⁴

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right] ³⁰⁶
wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you ³¹⁰
wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

320

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit Fabian.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife, ³²²
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, ³²⁴ so please you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.³²⁷

Duke. Madam, I am most apt³²⁸ to embrace your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

334

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.

You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
[Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

340

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 350
 And made the most notorious geck and gull
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character: 354
 But out of question 't is Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad; thou camest in
 smiling, 358

And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; 360
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him: Maria writ 370
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled
 thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve

greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged;" and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :
He hath not told us of the captain yet : 31
When that is known and golden time convents,³⁹¹
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*] } 395

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day. 400

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, etc.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, etc.

By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, etc. 410

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, etc.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, etc.

But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.
[Exit.

NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS

Abbott . . .	Abbott's <i>Shakespearian Grammar</i> , 3d edition.
F 1	First Folio (1623) of Shakespeare's plays.
F 2	Second Folio (1632).
F 3	Third Folio (1663 and 1664).
F 4	Fourth Folio (1685).
Ff	The four Folios.

For the meaning of words not given in these notes, the student is referred to the Glossary at the end of the volume.

The numbering of the lines corresponds to that of the Globe edition; this applies also to the scenes in prose.

ACT I — SCENE 1

The first duty of a dramatist is to introduce his characters, showing their plans, hopes, and troubles at the beginning of the play, their past, if necessary, and their present relations with each other. Such an introduction enables the reader to follow subsequent events with intelligence and interest. This is the purpose of the three opening scenes in *Twelfth Night*. Little that advances the plot happens in them: the forward movement of the drama could almost be said to begin in scene 4; but the three earlier scenes introduce three separate groups of characters whose fates are soon to be united, and whose moods and circumstances we must understand. Not until we have learned that the Duke is rejected and love-lorn, that Viola is shipwrecked and friendless, and that Olivia's house is a rendezvous for odd characters and practical jokers, are we in a position to appreciate what follows.

1. *Music . . . food of love.* The very first line reveals the Duke's mood and situation.

2. *surfeiting.* The intransitive form is now used less frequently than the passive "to be surfeited."

4. *dying fall, i.e.* it sank softly to silence.

9. *quick*, volatile. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 29, "that quick spirit that is in Antony."

10. *That*. Where we should say "so that," "seeing that," and the like, Shakespeare often uses "that" alone. Abbott, § 284.

12. *validity*, value.

pitch, high worth. *Pitch* as a technical term in falconry meant the highest point to which the falcon rose, thus being a test of the bird's worth.

14. *fancy*, i.e. love. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 63, "Tell me where is fancy bred."

15. *alone*, i.e. past comparison. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 6. 30, "I am alone the villain of the earth."

16. *go hunt*. *Hunt* is infinitive. The old infinitive form had the suffix *-en*, and, as this gradually dropped out of use, *to* before the word took its place. After some verbs which we classify as "auxiliary," it has never been reckoned necessary to use *to*, and with some we can still use it or not, as we choose. In Shakespeare's day this class of doubtful verbs was much larger; so that we have "ought not walk" (*Julius Cæsar*, i. 1. 3), and, on the other hand, "I had rather hear you *to* solicit that" (iii. 1. 120); and at v. i. 364:

"let no quarrel nor no brawl *to* come
Taint the condition of this present hour,"

we have *to* inserted where we should omit it, and omitted where we should usually insert it.

17. *hart*. Shakespeare makes his characters play upon their words in their most serious moments. So Antony, mourning over Cæsar, makes this same pun (*Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 207):

"O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, O world, the very heart of thee."

19. The Duke in this passage compares himself to Actæon, who, having beheld Artemis and her attendants bathing, was turned into a stag, and devoured by his own hounds. The idea of the lover as an Actæon, torn by the desires which should be under his own control, suffering for the beautiful vision he has seen, occurs frequently in Elizabethan literature.

22. *fell*, fierce.

23. *pursue me*. After "since" we should to-day say "have pursued me."

How now. For the metre, see Appendix B, 3 (d).

24. *so please* for "if it so please," or "may it so please," is a very frequent form of ellipse.

26. *element*, the air or sky. The universe was supposed to be composed of the four elements — air, earth, water, fire; and the word is used especially of *air*.

seven years' heat, the heat of seven years, "seven summers." The Ff read *years* instead of *years'*, and several commentators regard *heat* as a participle = heated, referring to "element." Cf. *King John*, iv. 1. 61, "The iron of itself, though heat red-hot." This formation of the participle is common with verbs ending in *t*, *d*, *te*, *de* (cf. the list in Abbott, § 342); but the text as here given and rendered is preferable in itself; while the omission of the apostrophe by the printers is obviously an easy slip.

32. *remembrance*. Scanned as four syllables, "rememb(e)rance," a vowel sound often being inserted between a liquid and another consonant. So in i. 2. 21, "Know'st thou this count(e)ry?" See Appendix B, 6 (d).

33-34. *that fine frame To pay*. *That* and *such* are often interchanged in Shakespeare, and the omission of *as* is common. Abbott, § 277.

35. *golden shaft*, Cupid's love-shaft. It was fabled that Cupid had a golden arrow, creating love, and a leaden one, preventing it.

37. *liver, brain and heart*. These were regarded as the three supreme organs of the body, through which the soul acts. These, says Steevens, "are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgement, and sentiments*."

38-39. *and fill'd Her sweet perfections*, "and her sweet perfections are filled."

39. *perfections*, a quadrisyllable. See Appendix B, 6 (b). *self* = self-same. So very commonly. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 148:

"To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first."

SCENE 2

1-2. I should prefer printing these two lines and reading them as one; see Appendix B, 5 (a).

2, 4. *Illyria . . . Elysium*. Used with punning effect on the similar sound of the two names.

5, 6. *perchance*. Note the play on the two meanings of "perhaps" and "by chance."

7. This may be scanned as coming under 3 (*d*) of Appendix B, or "brother" may be treated as a monosyllable, as under 6 (*g*).

10. *those poor number*. "Number" may be treated as a noun of multitude, by analogy, though this is unusual. Otherwise we must alter the text, reading "numbers." The printer's error in this case would be accounted for by the next word beginning with *s*. Malone reads "this" for "those."

15. *Arion*. The tale ran that Arion, a Greek musician, was voyaging from Sicily to Corinth, when the sailors resolved to murder him for his wealth. He leaped into the sea, whereupon a dolphin which had been charmed by his music bore him safe to land. Observe that Shakespeare makes a sea captain quote Arion as readily as the Duke quotes Actæon.

17-18. These lines fall under the same metrical rule as 1 and 2.

19-21. L. 20 is a parenthesis, qualifying the word "hope." *The like* = a like escape for him.

21. *country* should be scanned as a trisyllable. Cf. note on i. 32, and Appendix B, 6 (*d*).

22. *bred and born*. It is curious that this inversion of the order of events has become stereotyped.

35. *What's she?* We should say "who," or "what kind of person is she?" Shakespeare often uses "what" in this way. Cf. i. 5. 124-125, "What is he at the gate?"

40-41. Ff read *the sight And company*. The transposition which gives the proper sense and order, and makes the metre correct, is due to Hanmer.

42. *delivered*, made known. Cf. *Coriolanus*, v. 6. 41, "I'll deliver myself to your loyal servant."

43-44. *mellow What my estate is*. So the Ff. "Till I had made my opportunities ripen my present state." *Mellow* is a verb. The Globe puts a comma after *mellow*, rendering "till I had made my opportunities ripe (for revealing the facts), in regard to my true position." But this seems distinctly clumsier than the Folio reading.

48. *though that*. As words like *when*, *where*, *how*, originally interrogatives, came to be used as relatives, *that* was frequently attached to them; and by analogy to *if*, *though*, etc. Cf. i. 5. 324, "If that the youth will come this way to-morrow"; and see Abbott, §§ 287-288.

51. *character*, outward signs of inward qualities. Generally in Shakespeare the word means "handwriting."

53. *Conceal me what I am*. In the ordinary form, "conceal what I am," the clause is the object of the verb; but the insertion of the redundant object is common. So we have at i. 5. 269, "I see you what you are, you are too proud." In the present passage, however, *me* may equally well be regarded as a dative (ethic dative), as in iii. 2. 35, "Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour." The same alternative explanation is to be found at v. 1. 123, "But hear me this."

55. *I'll serve this duke*. Johnson thought Viola deliberately designed to make the Duke fall in love with her. Malone supposed that Shakespeare had the story of Duke Apolonius in his mind (see Introduction, p. ix), and that we are to suppose Viola was already in love with the Duke, at which he takes II. 28-29 to be a hint. This seems very needless. Viola feels that she had better take service with some one, and since Olivia — whom she would prefer — is out of the question, and she sees a way of getting at the Duke instead, she promptly takes the way.

59. *allow*, commonly = acknowledge; here = cause to be acknowledged.

SCENE 3

1. *a plague*. It is difficult to know the original form of an interjectional expression. "In the (plague's) name" is the probable origin of this and similar phrases. The end of the phrase is dropped when the emphatic word has been said, and *in the* becomes either *a* = in, or *the*, alone.

5. *cousin*. Olivia is Sir Toby's niece; but the word "cousin" was used generally to cover any relationship except that of parents and children among themselves, *e.g.* *As You Like It*, i. 3. 44:

"Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F.

You, cousin."

7. *except before excepted*. Sir Toby is always more or less drunk, hence his witticisms are sometimes very much beside the mark. This phrase appears to be wholly irrelevant, and merely the outcome of a hazy recollection of a legal phrase, suggested by the word "exceptions." "Except before excepted" means "with the exceptions before named," corresponding to the

Latin form *exceptis excipiendis*. If we are to extract a meaning here, it would be "let her take exceptions, as before."

20. *tall*, valiant, a very common use. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, i. 3. 62, "which many a good tall fellow had destroyed"; but it is generally used sarcastically.

27. *speaks three or four languages*. Cf. l. 84.

30. *natural*. Maria plays upon Sir Toby's concluding words, and the use of "natural" = idiot.

33. *gust*, taste.

37. *subtractors*, a drunken slip for "detractors."

44. *parish-top*. "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants may be kept warm by exercise and out of mischief while they could not work" (Steevens).

45. *Castiliano vulgo*. We do not know whether this means anything or not — probably not. Warburton, however, suggested that we should read *volto* = look grave like a Castilian.

60. *board*: in continuation of the metaphor of an engagement between two ships.

71. *Marry*, "by Mary." Originally an invocation of the Virgin Mary, of whose name it is a corruption.

73. *thought is free*. An old proverbial expression, "I can think what I like," which is as much as to say, "Now I have you by the hand, I do think I have fools in hand."

74. *buttery-bar*. The "buttery" or provision room was so called not because of the butter stored there, but because of the bottles of ale and wine, being a corruption of *botelerie*.

77. *dry*. Three senses of the word came into play: (1) dull, (2) thirsty, (3) literally, the reverse of moist. A damp hand was regarded as a sign of an amorous disposition, and Maria implies that Sir Andrew is not in love, since his hand is not a lover's hand. For (1) cf. l. 5. 45, "Go to, you're a dry fool." The clown then proceeds to play on the two senses again: "Give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry."

84. *barren*, barren-witted, since the jests are no longer at her fingers' ends. Cf. i. 5. 89-90, "I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal." Cf. the opposite use of "pregnant," at ii. 2. 29.

85. *canary*, a kind of wine or "sack" brewed in the Canary Islands; described in *2 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 29, "a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, 'What's this?'"

90. *eater of beef*. The belief that character was materially affected by diet was generally prevalent. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3, Grumio discovers "choleric" properties in one dish after another. For beef as a wit-destroyer, cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 14, where Thersites calls Ajax a "mongrel beef-witted lord."

97. The point of Sir Toby's jest lies in "tongues" and "tongs" being pronounced in the same way. By "passing his time in the tongs," Sir Andrew would have made his hair curl. The foolish knight, of course, misses the point.

99. *the arts* include letters and polite studies generally.

105. *nature*. Sir Toby is now carrying on his jest to the word "arts," increasing Sir Andrew's confusion of mind. *Curl by nature* is Theobald's emendation for the *Ff coole my nature*.

111. *I'll home*. For the omission of the verb of motion, cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1. 74:

" I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets."

113. *she'll none of me*, she will have nothing to do with me. Cf. i. 5. 321, and ii. 2. 13.

the count. Orsino appears as the Count or the Duke, without distinction, throughout the play. There are other similar small slips and discrepancies, showing that Shakespeare did not revise with care.

117-118. *there's life in 't*, i.e. it is too soon to despair.

126. *an old man*. Probably Sir Andrew did not know what he meant himself, but had a vague feeling that the qualification was creditable to his courtesy, and freed him from the charge of boasting. Its inanity is much more in character than Warburton's elaborate explanation that it is a satire on the way in which old men uphold the merits of the past generation. Theobald wishes to substitute *a nobleman*.

131. *back-trick*, no doubt the technical name for a particular "caper."

136. *Mistress Mall's picture*. The point of this allusion has been lost. There was a certain Mary Frith, known as Mall Cutpurse, who became very notorious a few years after this play was written, and who was the heroine of *The Roaring Girl*, a play by Middleton and Dekker; but she can hardly have become famous by this time, though no doubt there were pictures of her made later, which the owners would not have dis-

played to the public eye. It must be remembered, however, that though the play was written in 1601, the earliest edition known is that of 1623; and a topical allusion may easily have been inserted in the interval. Hanging a curtain before a picture seems to have been a common custom. So Olivia, at i. 5. 217: "We will draw the curtain and show you the picture."

141-142. *under the star of a galliard*, a star favorable to dancing. It was a common belief that the conjunction of planets under which a man was born influenced his physical and mental constitution as well as his character and his destiny. So he who is born under Jupiter is of a "jovial" temperament, he who is born under Mercury is "mercurial." Astrological references are common throughout Shakespeare, and abound in this play. Cf. i. 4. 35, ii. 1. 3, etc.

143-144. *indifferent well*, fairly well. So i. 5. 265, "item, two lips, indifferent red."

144. *flame-coloured*: Ff have *dam'd coloured*. The emendation is Pope's, but the only thing that we can be sure of is that some striking color was meant. Phelps proposed *damson-coloured*, which is perhaps the likeliest correction.

148. *Taurus*. See note on ll. 141-142, above. Chaucer agrees with neither Sir Toby nor Sir Andrew, but attributes the neck and throat to the "governance" of Taurus.

SCENE 4

Most of the characters having been introduced, the action proper of the play now begins. Notice that the action, as is usual in Shakespeare, draws together the three groups of people which at the beginning were introduced separately. The first of the following scenes finds Viola in the Duke's household; the second introduces her to Olivia. How necessary was it for Shakespeare's plot that he should make the Duke send Viola, not another, as his messenger? How does Shakespeare make it plausible that the Duke should send her?

5. *humour*; either (1) disposition generally or (2) fickleness. For (1) cf. 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 4. 256, "What humour is the prince of?" For (2) cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 43:

"You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humour."

The bodily health and disposition were supposed to be dependent on the proper admixture of the four "humours," viz. blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, which corresponded to the four "elements." A "humorous" person was one in whom the admixture did not consist of the right proportions and who consequently was eccentric.

6. *that* = seeing that. See note on i. 1. 10.

13. *but* = than. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. 83, "They would have no more discretion but to hang us."

16. *access*. Observe that the accent is on the second syllable. So always in Shakespeare, except *Hamlet*, ii. 1. 109, "I did repel his letters, and denied his access to me." Many words were accented differently in Shakespeare's day and at the present time. See Appendix B, 6 (a).

20. *as it is spoke*, as it is said.

spoke. When the past participle terminated in *-en* (as in *taken*, *spoken*, *shaken*), the general tendency to drop inflexional terminations often led to the substitution of the form of the past tense (*took*, *spoke*, *shook*). Cf. i. 5. 120, "Thou hast spoke for us, madonna"; 282, "He might have took his answer long ago." So also we have *writ* and *forgot*. See Abbott, § 343.

21. *civil bounds*, bounds of civility.

28. *aspect*. Accented on the second syllable. Cf. note on *access*, l. 16, and Appendix B, 6 (a).

30. *yet*, for some time to come.

32. *pipe*, voice.

33. *sound*, *i.e.* not yet cracked.

34. *a woman's part*, *i.e.* like that of one who acts a woman's part in a play. At this time the women's parts were taken by boys. There is a story of a delay during a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, because the heroine was being shaved.

35. *thy constellation*. Cf. note on i. 3. 142.

apt, well-fitted.

39-40. "And thou shalt live as free to call thy lord's fortunes thine as he to call them his," *i.e.* "Thou shalt share thy lord's fortunes."

SCENE 5

The clown, or jester, in attendance in great houses, is a familiar figure, taking a leading part in *As You Like It* and in *King Lear*. Feste, however, has neither the philosophy of Touchstone nor the pathos of the fool in *King Lear*.

2. *so wide as a bristle may*; that after *as* is omitted; so frequently, just as the converse omission of *so*, etc., before *that* is common. See Abbott, § 307.

6. *fear no colours*. Feste — we learn from ii. 4. 11 that this is his name — is playing upon the similar, perhaps identical pronunciation of “colours” and “collars,” as “dolours” and “dollars” are played upon in *The Tempest*, ii. 1. 18. To “fear no colors” is a soldier’s expression for “fear no one, under whatever colors he fights,” while he who has worn a hempen cravat need fear no collar.

9. *lenten*, lean, dry (Johnson); short, like the “short commons” of the season of fasting (Steevens).

20. *Many a good hanging*, etc. Montaigne has two stories of a Picard and a Dane, who were going to be executed, and were each offered a reprieve on condition of marrying a girl who in one case was lame and in the other plain. In each case the offer was declined. The stories may have been common property, but Florio’s translation of Montaigne was not published until after this play was produced. The practice, however, was a fairly common one. A somewhat similar tale is told in Browning’s “Muckle-mouthed Meg.”

21. *for turning away*, etc. The obvious meaning is that, the season being summer, Feste does not strongly object to losing his situation. It has, however, been ingeniously suggested that the jester is punning on “turning away” and “turning o’ wey.” Yet another alternative is, “the summer will settle that,” inasmuch as she will feel the want of him before it is over.

26. Maria’s reply turns on the meaning of the word “points,” which was used for the laces with which the hose were fastened up. Cf. the pun in 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 4. 238, “Their (sword) points being broken, — Down fell their hose.” Blackstone explains “points” as an arrangement of “hooks and eyes”; but other references — e.g. “a silken point,” 2 *Henry IV*, i. 1. 53 — certainly imply that they were laces.

27. *That*, so that. Cf. note on i. 1. 10.

28. *apt*, to the point.

29. The Clown, being fairly matched in the encounter of wits, reverts with success to a personality, implying that Maria is trying to catch Sir Toby for a husband — as she does at the end of the play.

32–33. *you were best*, it were best for you. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 3. 13, “Ay, and truly, you were best.” Properly

the construction is impersonal, *you* being dative. This being misunderstood, the erroneous personal construction "I were best," in place of "me were best," came into general use. Abbott, §§ 230, 352.

39. *Quinapalus*. The Clown is given to inventing high-sounding and learned names. Cf. ii. 3. 23-25. The learning of the day was apt to be accompanied by a pedantry which was somewhat fantastic, and this is the object of Feste's ridicule.

40. *Enter Olivia*. Olivia and the Duke have this in common, that they both find a genuine satisfaction in nursing their melancholy and in making an extravagant parade of it; while neither of them is nearly as much wrapped up in it as both try to persuade themselves and others that they are. In fact, each is secretly rather tired of keeping up the play, and distinctly relieved when a plausible opportunity offers for dropping it. Olivia, in particular, is already obviously beginning to be in want of a new "sensation," if she can get it without loss of dignity. Hence her readiness to be gracious to the fool, after a small show of formal indignation. Feste is alive to the situation, or his "proof" (ll. 76-78) would be too audacious even for him.

43. The Clown saves himself from the punishment with which Maria had threatened him by making the attack himself.

45. *dry*, dull. Cf. note, i. 3. 77.

46. *dishonest*, badly behaved, as *honest* is used generally for *respectable*, *decently conducted*. There is perhaps a reference to improprieties of a more specific kind implied in Feste's prolonged absence without leave.

47. *madonna*, my lady. Feste addresses Olivia by this title frequently, but it occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare.

52. *patched*. The jester's clothes were "patched" or colored; therefore, if he did not amend himself, the botcher was still bound to "patch" him.

54-55. *This simple syllogism*. A syllogism is a logical statement consisting of three propositions, of which, if the two first (the premises) be true, the third also must be true. Feste parodies a serious method of reasoning, his argument being that he and Olivia are in the same case — he is sin patched with repentance; she is virtue patched with transgression; both, therefore, are "patches" — *ergo*, both are fools.

56. At this stage Feste takes refuge in deliberate nonsense, a device to which he is always ready to turn when an apposite remark fails him. It has the advantage of setting the listener off in search of a subtle witticism; or, in the case of Sir Andrew, of making him sure that something vastly witty has been said because he cannot even see where the point lies.

61. *misprision*, misapprehension. *In the highest degree* introduces a play upon the legal use of the term in "misprision of treason" or "of felony," *i.e.* knowledge of the crime coupled with concealment of it.

62. *cucullus*, etc. "It is not the cowl that makes the monk." The Clown airs his long words and scraps of Latin with unction. Here the interpretation is, "it is not the suit of motley that makes the fool."

66. *dexteriously*, doubtless an intentional mispronunciation. The form, however, actually occurs in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.

69. *good my mouse*. Cf. note on ii. 5. 192. *mouse* is used as an endearing term,—the Clown deliberately straining his privileges to the utmost so as to make it all the more difficult for Olivia to revert to her other complaint against him.

82. *decays*, causes to decay.

90. *barren*, dull, as in i. 3. 84.

91. *ordinary*, *i.e.* one who has not attained the position of an "allowed" or "set kind of" fool.

92-93. *He's out of his guard*. Malvolio compares the Clown to a clumsy fencer.

95. *crow*, laugh aloud.

these set kind of fools. *Kind of, sort of*, followed by a plural, are often incorrectly treated as forming a plural noun, accompanied by a plural pronoun. Cf. *King Lear*, ii. 2. 107, "These kind of knaves I know." See Abbott, § 212.

96. *fools' zanies*, the buffoons who attended performing fools or tumblers, like the clowns in a modern circus. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iv. 1:

"He's like the zany to a tumbler
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh."

98. *distempered*, disordered.

100. *bird-bolts*, short blunt arrows.

101. *allowed*, licensed.

102. *nor no railing*. The double negative is common in

Shakespeare. Cf. ii. 1. 1, "nor will you not that I go with you?" and iv. 1. 6, "nor I am not sent to you by my lady," etc.

105. *leasing*, lying. Mercury was the patron of thieves, and consequently skill in lying (which Feste regards as a useful accomplishment) would be a natural gift for him to bestow.

107-108. *a young gentleman much desires*. This omission of the relative is common. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 175, "I have a mind presages me such thrift." Other instances in this play occur at ii. 1. 26; 4. 110; etc.

114-115. *speaks nothing but madman*, i.e. in the character of madman. Cf. *Henry V*, v. 2. 156, "I speak to thee plain soldier."

120. *spoke*. See note on i. 4. 20.

122. *for*, — *here he comes*, — *one*. Ff have *here he comes one*. Former editors read *here comes*; but, whereas the printers might very easily have dropped the dashes (which the Cambridge editors inserted), they would not have been likely to insert "he." In emending the text, it is important to credit printers with probable, not improbable errors.

123. *pia mater*, properly the membrane covering the brain, and so signifies the brain itself.

124. *What is he . . .* Cf. note on i. 2. 35.

129. Sir Toby's speech is interrupted by the results of his potations, which he proceeds to attribute to pickle-herring. He has, in fact, passed the cheerful and reached the irritable stage of intoxication.

156. *Has*. For the omission of *he*, cf. v. 1. 201. "Has hurt me."

157. *a sheriff's post*, the post fixed by the sheriff's door for proclamations and announcements.

162. *of very ill manner*. The grave Malvolio condescends to a solemn jest, out of consideration, no doubt, for his mistress's weakness.

166. *a squash*, an unripe peascod

167. *codling*, an unripe apple.

168. *in standing water*, i.e. "at the turn of the tide," when it is neither ebbing nor flowing.

192. *modest*, moderate, "enough to satisfy me."

195. *my profound heart*. "My heart" or "my hearts" (as in ii. 3. 16, *q.v.*) is a common form of affectionate or general address, but is somewhat familiar for even so audacious a young gentleman as Viola.

199. *usurp* = counterfeit. So *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. 1. 131:

“ I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.”

201. *from my commission*, “ outside ” it. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1. 74:

“ he is superstitious grown of late
Quite from the main opinion he held once.”

202. *I will on*. For omission of verb of motion, cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1. 69, “ This way will I.”

212–213. *that time of moon*. Lunatics were supposed to be at their worst at full moon. Olivia means that she is not so very mad herself.

213. *skipping*, flighty, silly.

216. *to hull*, to lie without hoisting sail.

217. *your giant*, your big guardian, Maria being evidently a small person. Sir Toby calls her “ The youngest wren of nine.” Perhaps an additional point would be given from the fact that it was at one time fashionable for ladies to have dwarfs in attendance.

219. *Tell me your mind*, etc. Usually given to Viola, but this seems to lack point. Perhaps something is omitted. The reading here adopted is Warburton’s. Viola would imply by this that she is not there to speak her own mind, but to deliver a message.

222. *when the courtesy of it is so fearful*, when it demands so much ceremony.

224. It concerns your ear alone.

225. *taxation of homage*, claim for homage.

231. *my entertainment*, my reception.

233. *divinity*. Olivia goes on playing on Viola’s phrase, taking “ divinity ” in the sense of a theological discourse.

251. *draw the curtain*. Cf. note on i. 3. 136.

252–253. *Such a one I was this present*. The reading is hardly satisfactory. Hunter explains, “ such a one I was a few minutes ago.” Singer conjectures *as this presents*, which is plausible, since *as* might have been dropped, coming immediately after *was*. The change from *present* to *presents* is, however, superfluous. In any case, the sense seems to be “ you can see now what I looked like when Orsino saw me.”

255. *in grain*, i.e. a "fast" color which will not wash out; a color used in the manufacture, not laid on afterwards.

257. Viola is quite above that supposed weakness of her sex by which they are held incapable of perceiving a rival's beauty. Her praise is obviously perfectly sincere and unpremeditated.

blent, blended. Formed on the analogy of *bent*, *spent*, etc. *Blent* and *blended* exist side by side, just as do *bent* and *bended*.

259. *the cruell'st she*. For *she* used as a substantive = woman, cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10, "The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

265. *labelled to my will*, attached to my will by a label or codicil.

265-266. *indifferent red*. Cf. "indifferent well," i. 3. 143-144.

268. *praise*. This should perhaps be printed '*praise*, an abbreviation for *appraise*, which is clearly the meaning.

269. *I see you what you are*. Cf. i. 2. 53, "Conceal me what I am," and see note on the passage.

271-272. The most perfect beauty would not be an excessive reward.

279. *In voices well divulged*, in popular talk well-reputed. *free*, noble. Cf. "of free disposition," l. 99.

280. *dimension*, bodily proportion.

281. For scansion, see Appendix B, 3 (*d*). *gracious*, graceful, beautiful.

282. *took*. For the form, see note on i. 4. 20.

283. *in my master's flame*, with a passion like his.

286. *what would you*, what do you desire. Viola, however, constructs her next sentence as if Olivia had said: "What would you do?"

287. *me*, ethic dative = for myself. Cf. note on i. 2. 53.

289. *cantons*. *Canto*, a song; *canzone*, a little song. "Canton" appears to be a form between the two, arising perhaps from *canto*, *cantone*, corner. Malone quotes the word from *The London Prodigal* and Heywood's preface to *Britayne's Troy*.

291. *reverberate* = reverberant, echoing. Shakespeare occasionally uses the active for the passive form (as "inexpressive" for "inexpressible") and conversely the passive for the active form as here. Cf. "deceiveable" used for "deceptive" at iv. 3. 21, and "emulate" in *Hamlet*, i. 1. 83, "pricked on by a most emulate pride."

294. *air and earth*, the “reverberate hills,” and “the gossip of the air.”

295. *but*, unless. Often so used. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 208:

“I’ll die for’t but some woman had the ring.”

303. *fee’d post*, paid messenger.

313. *Unless the master were the man*. Of course, this phrase is only a bit of what Olivia is thinking, which is to the effect that “This would be absurd; unless the master — who is in love with me — were the man with whom I am falling in love.” Hanmer reads, “unless the man the master were,” but Olivia’s feeling at the moment is, not that she wishes Viola, who is not in love with her, were the Duke, but that she wishes the Duke, who *is* in love with her, were Viola.

315–317. *I feel this youth’s perfections. . . . To creep in*. “To” might either be retained or omitted after “feel,” in Shakespeare’s time. Now it would always be omitted. Cf. note on i. 1. 16, and Abbott, § 349.

318. For scansion, see Appendix B, 3 (d), and 5 (f).

320. *The county’s man*. F1 has *counte’s man*, the rest *count’s*. Shakespeare probably meant the word to be sounded as a dissyllable. Where there is an earlier Quarto edition, “countie” is found for “count,” corrected to “counte” in F1 and to “count” in later editions.

322. *flatter with*. Cf. *Richard II*, ii. 1. 88, “Should dying men flatter with those that live?”

324. *if that*. Cf. i. 2. 48, “though that,” and note.

327–328. “Fear to find the admiration of my eyes too powerful for my mind to resist.”

329. *owe*, own. “Owe” and “own,” *i.e.* “owen,” are the same verb, but in the latter form the infinitive inflection is retained. In Shakespeare “owe” in the sense of “possess” is much commoner than “own.” See Abbott, § 290. Inflexional affixes were being generally discarded.

ACT II — SCENE 1

This scene is clearly misplaced. It will be seen that a night intervenes between Act ii, sc. 2, and the concluding scenes of the play; whereas a night does *not* intervene between Sebastian’s parting from Antonio and the final scene. Observe

that in spite of Sebastian's extreme youth he has the manners and capacities of a man. Men and women developed much earlier three centuries ago.

1. *Nor will you not.* The double negative is frequent. Cf. i. 5. 102, "nor no railing in a discreet man," and note.

3. *My stars.* Cf. the note on astrology, i. 3. 141-142.

11. *sooth*, in truth.

determinate voyage, settled journeying.

12. *extravagancy*, vagrancy; *i.e.* I have really no "determinate" voyage at all.

13. *touch*, delicate feeling. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 286:

"Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness?"

15. *it charges me*, I am called upon.

express, reveal.

18. *Messaline*. The name is repeated at v. 1. 239, where Viola says, "Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father." There is no such place known, and Shakespeare was probably thinking of Messina or Mitylene; but there is no justification for altering the text, as Hammer proposed.

21. *so ended*, *i.e.* in the same hour. Sebastian does not mean he wishes that they had died when they were born, but that he had not survived his sister.

22. *some hour*, an hour or so. "Some" is merely indefinite.

23. *breach*, breaking, *i.e.* from the breaking waves.

26. *a lady, sir, though*. Observe the (quite common) omission of the relative; previously noted at i. 5. 107-108.

28-29. *such estimable wonder*, admiration that estimates so highly, the passive form "estimable" being used for the active, like "reverberate" for "reverberant" in i. 5. 291 (see note *ad loc.*). Cf. the converse use of "unexpressive" for "inexpressible." The general sense is, "considering that she was held to be exactly like me, my admiration could not esteem her fairness so highly that I could quite believe she was beautiful."

30. *publish her*, speak of her openly.

33. *with more*, *i.e.* with salt tears.

35. *your trouble*, the trouble I cause you.

39. *recovered*, healed, made recover.

41-42. *the manners of my mother*. Cf. *Henry V*, iv. 6. 31. "And all my mother came into mine eyes."

SCENE 2

6. *To have taken it*, by taking it. The inflexional form of the infinitive in *-en* was falling out of use and *to* being substituted. But *to* belonged properly to the gerund, hence, the infinitive with *to* often took the place of the gerund with *to* or some other preposition. Here it stands for "by taking." So *Richard II*, ii. 2. 95, "But I shall grieve you to repeat the rest." Cf. Abbott, § 356.

8. *desperate assurance*, hopeless certainty.

10. *so hardy to come*, so hardy as to come. Cf. Malvolio's words with the actual message sent by Olivia at the end of Act i.

11-12. *Receive it so*, take it, on that understanding. Stevens, however, takes *receive* = *understand* as we have *receiving* = *understanding* at iii. 1. 131.

13. This line seriously puzzled Malone, who thought Viola ought to have made the more truthful remark "she took no ring of me." But her actual words are indeed extremely characteristic. Viola, with her quickness of wit, sees that Olivia is sending her the ring under an imaginary pretext, and accordingly plays the part assigned to her without hesitation. She is far too generous to rouse Malvolio's suspicions by denying Olivia's story, or by allowing any expression of surprise to escape her.

15. *so, i.e.* with no more respect than you showed.

16. *in your eye*, under your eyes.

19. *not*. After "forbid," and other like words containing a negative idea, we no longer insert "not," its presence being a sort of example of the double negative, of which instances are quoted in the note on i. 5. 102.

21. *sure* is omitted in F 1. The correct reading is not now possible to ascertain.

lost, caused her to lose; or as we might put it, "had lost her her tongue."

27. *She were better*. Cf. note on i. 5. 32.

29. *pregnant*, quick witted, the opposite of *barren*, i. 3. 84.

30. *proper-false*, handsome but false. "Proper" is so used constantly in Shakespeare, and Moses is described in the A. V. as a "proper child."

35. *I, poor monster*, I, like an abnormal being, not playing the part of either man or woman.

fond, dote, as the adjective *fond* is used for *doting*. The word is not elsewhere used as a verb. But see Abbott, § 290.

37. *as I am man*, etc.; either (1) in my character of serving-man, I despair of my master's love for Olivia being requited; or (2) having assumed the part of a man, I despair of winning my master's love.

40. *thrifless*, unprofitable, wasted.

42. *to untie*, scanned as "t' untie." Appendix B, 3 (b).

SCENE 3

Both Sir Toby and the Clown are at more pains to enjoy puzzling Sir Andrew than actually to be witty themselves, and are quite content on occasion to talk pure nonsense simply for the sake of seeing its effect on the knight. This scene shows the provocation which Malvolio gives to the revelers, which results in the formation of the plot against him. There may be a local hit here. It is possible that Malvolio stands for Ambrose Willoughby, who held an important post in the court of Queen Elizabeth. In January, 1598, Willoughby, acting in his official capacity, broke up a late game of cards between Lord Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Southampton on grounds similar to those of Malvolio, namely, that his mistress had retired and the players were disturbing the house. Southampton, like Sir Toby Belch, took umbrage at Willoughby's interference and shook him well between the tennis court wall and the garden. If a hit at Willoughby is intended, this would help to date the play as later than January, 1598.

2. *betimes*. The small hours of the morning are early; to be up then is to be up early, and to go to bed then is to go to bed early; therefore he who goes to bed after midnight is up early, and goes to bed early, and manifestly keeps the healthful hours of the proverb.

diluculo; the full phrase *diluculo surgere saluberrimum est* — to be up early is most healthful — comes from Lily's Latin Grammar. Sir Toby is having a quiet hit at Sir Andrew's complete ignorance, as the phrase would be quite familiar to half the audience.

10. *the four elements*, earth, air, fire, and water, to which the four "humours" corresponded (see note on i. 4. 5). Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5. 73:

“ His life was gentle, and the elements
 So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, ‘ This was a man.’ ”

17. *we three*, a picture which in some form or other seems to have been common in country inns; two asses or fools being represented with an inscription which the spectator was supposed to read and apply to himself, “ We three loggerheads be.”

20. *breast*, voice. Not so used elsewhere in Shakespeare; but Ben Jonson, Heywood, Fletcher, and other contemporary writers have it.

23. There is no particular point or allusion in these remarks of the Clown’s, or apparently in his answer to Sir Andrew. Mr. Swinburne attributes some of the names he coins to the influence of *Rabelais*. His inclination to use long words with no meaning when in the knight’s company has already been noted.

36. Either the Clown simply interrupts, or some words have been lost.

A song of good life, a song with a moral; so at least Sir Andrew interprets it. It hardly follows, however, that this was what the Clown himself meant.

52. *sweet and twenty*. The ordinary interpretation is that the lady addressed is “ sweet and twenty.” Mr. Wright, however, is sure that “ twenty ” if not “ sweet ” applies to the kisses — “ a score of sweet kisses.” *Twenty* is, of course, commonly used as a round number equivalent to “ a great many.”

This tune was in print in 1599, which is probably earlier than the play. The song, therefore, may not have been Shakespeare’s own; possibly the Clown’s numerous songs were popular ditties imported into the play for the benefit of a particular actor. There is so near a kinship in the singers of Elizabeth’s day that “ internal evidence ” would never warrant us in positively attributing any one song to Shakespeare.

55. *contagious*. Sir Toby merely uses the word as a trap for Sir Andrew, into which the latter straightway falls.

61. *draw three souls out of one weaver*. Music was credited with the power of drawing men’s souls out of their bodies. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 61, “ Is it not strange that sheep’s guts should hale souls out of men bodies? ” The “ three ” souls is merely an exaggeration, though Warburton discovered in it

a learned reference to the doctrine of certain philosophers that every man has three souls. As to "weaver," there is probably a double point. There were a number of refugee weavers in England, most of whom were probably poverty-stricken, and certainly Puritans, therefore by no means ready to have one soul drawn out by a tavern catch, not to speak of three. There may also be implied a hit at the Puritan Malvolio.

63-64. *dog at a catch*, a slang phrase for "good at a catch."

76. *caterwauling*, wawing, *i.e.* "miaowing" like a cat—"a cats' concert."

80. Sir Toby is hopelessly confused in his epithets, which he applies without any consideration for their appropriateness.

Cataian, Cathayan, inhabitant of Cathay, *i.e.* China; a term implying cheating and roguery, for which apparently the "heathen Chinese" had already acquired a reputation. Cf. *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 148, "I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man." *politicians*. If Sir Toby means anything in particular, which is doubtful, it is that he and his companion are occupied with serious affairs of state.

81. *Peg-a-Ramsey* conveys nothing. There were two tunes under that name extant in Shakespeare's time, but the words are lost. It is probable that if they were found they would not make sense out of Sir Toby's remark.

81-82. *Three merry men*. Here the knight breaks into song. There are many old songs which have these words as a refrain. Perhaps at the time the song from Peele's *The Old Wives' Tale* (1595) was familiar:

"Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee;
I in the wood and thou on the ground,
And Jacke sleepes in the tree."

83. *Tilly vally*. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 90. "Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me." It is hardly necessary to find a derivation for it, though Steevens refers us to Plautus and *titivilitium*, and Douce explains it as a French hunting phrase, for which "tally-ho" would have done equally well.

Lady here suggests another song with "Lady, lady," as its refrain. Warton says this is the *Ballad of Susanna* (1562). Several other songs had the refrain.

94. *wit*, sense.

honesty, propriety. So Olivia before charged the Clown with "growing dishonest," meaning that his conduct was irregular.

100. Sir Toby particularly enjoys turning Malvolio's phrases into something they were not intended to convey.

102. *round*, direct, unceremonious. The adverb is so used very commonly, but how this meaning arose is not obvious.

122. *out o' tune, sir: ye lie*. This appears to be addressed to Malvolio, and is a fuddled reminiscence of Sir Toby's idea that the steward had accused him of not keeping time. Others, however, take it as addressed to Feste in answer to the last remark.

123-124. This is a very plain allusion to Malvolio's Puritanism and his consequent objection to the church festivals, which were the occasion of much merry-making and the consumption of "cakes and ale" on a large scale. To the Puritans, the cakes and ale were not only to be condemned in themselves as riotous excesses, but their connection with the feast days and ceremonies of the discarded religion rendered them marks also of superstition.

128-129. *rub your chain with crumbs*, *i.e.* polish up your badge of office; mind your own business.

132. *uncivil rule*, unmannerly behavior.

134. *Go shake your ears*, *i.e.* like an ass.

136. *to challenge him the field*, *i.e.* to single combat. Considering that Sir Andrew is so drunk as to talk of "a-hungry" when he means "thirsty," it is very unnecessary to follow the commentators who desire to correct his grammar and read "to the field."

145. *gull*, deceive, trick, make a gull of him.

149. *possess us*, tell us all about it. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 290:

"Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died."

151. *puritan*. This term for the extreme anti-Roman section of the Reformers who made a special point of austerity in manners occurs in Shakespeare only in *All's Well* and *The Winter's Tale*. It has often been said that the character of Malvolio is intended as a hit at the Puritans, with whom the playwrights were already waging war. But from l. 160 it may reasonably be surmised that the steward's faults are not to be

attributed to his Puritanism. Maria seems to imply that her hatred of him is due to his *pretence* of Puritanism — she could have forgiven him if it was genuine. On the other hand, to the drunken knight it is the genuine Puritan who is to be beaten like a dog. The conclusion, if any conclusion can be based on such slight data, is that Shakespeare could respect a genuine Puritan, while considering the sham article a legitimate subject for mockery. See Appendix A.

155. *exquisite*, subtle.

160. *time-pleaser*, time server.

affectioned, affected.

161. *cons*, learns by heart. Cf. i. 5. 186, and note. The whole phrase means "he has learned state (*e.g.* deportment) as an actor learns his part, until he can perform it without book, and deliver it in bundles."

162. *the best persuaded*, with the best opinion of himself.

170. *expressure*, expression. Cf. "impressure" for "impression," ii. 5. 103.

181-182. *of that colour*, of that kind. Cf. *As You Like It*, i. 2. 107, "Sport! of what colour?"

183. *And your horse*. Tyrwhitt considered this too apt a jest for Sir Andrew, and assigns it to Sir Toby. The error, if there is one, might be explained by "And" in the MS. being taken for "And." standing for Sir Andrew.

192. *Penthesilea*, Queen of the Amazons, and presumably of heroic mold. A jibe at Maria, who is a little woman. Cf. i. 5. 217, where Viola says, "some mollification for your giant."

193. *Before me*, a harmless alteration for the oath "Before God."

194. *one that adores me*. Sir Toby is now in the "glorious" stage, while Sir Andrew follows suit.

200. *recover*, attain, not necessarily get back. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v. 1. 12:

"the forest is not three leagues off:

If we recover that, we are sure enough."

201. *a foul way out*, very much mistaken.

202. *send for money*. Sir Toby's object in making Sir Andrew woo Olivia is, quite obviously, that he may have the knight's purse at his disposal. He would be the last person to expect the suit to succeed.

203. *call me cut*. The word "curtal" was applied to a horse

or a dog whose tail had been docked. In the case of the horse, this was abbreviated into "cut," as in the case of the dog it was abbreviated into "cur." So a "cut" is to a good horse what a "cur" is to a good dog. The word is not so used elsewhere in Shakespeare, but its origin may be illustrated by "cut and long tail" = "of all sorts," in *Merry Wives*, iii. 4. 47.

206. *burn*, i.e. mull.

SCENE 4

Here, as before, the Duke's enjoyment of music is exceedingly wayward and fitful. His explanation (ll. 17 ff.) is ingenious; nevertheless the admission at l. 34 hints that he is becoming alive to the fact that his constitution has more to do with his fitfulness than the ardor of his passion.

3. *antique* = quaint, as may be seen from the companion form *antic*, in which the idea of age has altogether given place to that of absurdity.

4. *passion*, the fever of his love, for which Orsino regards music as a sort of medicine (as in the opening lines of the play). Mr. Wright, however, takes it to mean suffering.

5. *recollected terms*. This is an obscure phrase, apparently conveying the same sort of idea as "light airs." Mr. Wright says it means "phrases collected with pains," which might be true if it did not appear wholly inappropriate. Johnson explains it as "repeated phrases," referring to the repetition of musical phrases by composers.

18. *motions*, emotions. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 86. "The motions of his spirit are dull as night." Similarly we have "praise" = "appraise" (i. 5. 231), "'haviour" = "behaviour" (iii. 4. 188), etc.

24. *favour*, countenance. Cf. iii. 4. 363, "No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well."

25. *by your favour*. Viola plays on the Duke's use of the word, though he, of course, does not see the secondary meaning.

30. *too old*. This piece of advice has been traditionally taken as Shakespeare's private reflection on his own folly in having married Anne Hathaway, who was older than himself. But Shakespeare was not in the habit of making his characters mouthpieces; the Duke's opinion must, in this case as in others, be taken for what it is worth as his own view and not necessarily that of the poet.

31-32. *so wears she to him*, . . . adapts herself to him, and rules his heart steadily.

33-36. Orsino is generalizing from his own case, although a few lines later he vehemently protests that a man's love is much stronger than a woman's (see ll. 96 ff.).

38. *hold the bent*, keep the direction steady. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 143, "If that thy bent of love be honourable."

46. *free*, careless.

that weave their thread with bones, *i.e.* lace-makers, who were in the habit of using bones for pins in their craft.

47. *silly sooth*, simple truth.

48. *dallies*, plays.

49. *the old age*, the good old days.

52. *Song*. It has been objected that the song does not answer to the Duke's description; nevertheless, a song of the woeful fate of a swain who dies of love may very fitly be described as "dallying with the innocence of love," especially by the Duke, who would rather like to believe that he is dying of love himself. However, it is quite possible that this is not the original song. Cf. the previous note on Feste's songs, at ii. 3. 52.

53. *cypress*. This may mean either a coffin of cypress wood (the cypress and the yew alike being funereal) or a shroud of cyprus crape. Either would be quite appropriate. Malone objected that as the shroud is white (l. 56), "sad" would be a wrong epithet for the material; the sadness, however, is not in the color but in the fact of its being used as a shroud. Crape was certainly manufactured in Cyprus, and the material is mentioned as "cypresse" in various places: *e.g.* *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 221, "Cyprus black as e'er was crow"; and in this play, iii. 1. 110:

"A cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart."

74. A polite way of giving the Clown permission to leave him.

77. *opal*, a precious stone of which the color varies according to the light in which it is held.

87. *I hold as giddily as Fortune*, *i.e.* I am as careless of them as Fortune.

88. *queen of gems*, *i.e.* her beauty.

89. *pranks*, decks; now generally, but not always, used in a slightly disparaging sense.

91. *I*. Ff have *It*. The correction is Hanmer's; but though we should have expected *I* rather than *It*, as it suits the context rather better, the ground for changing the text seems hardly sufficient.

99. *they lack retention*. When the Duke was giving advice to his supposed page, his text was the superior constancy of womankind. But when a woman's parallel to his own case is suggested, he forgets all about their superior constancy. And yet we are expected to regard the casual sentiment of his former mood as the poet's solemn warning derived from his own experience. See note on ll. 33-34. The Duke — very properly and entirely in character — makes two flatly contradictory statements about women in general in the course of a single scene; consequently there are plenty of people who will quote one opinion or the other, and say we have not Orsino's but Shakespeare's authority for taking that view. What Shakespeare thought on the subject we may infer from the characters of the women he drew more accurately than from the various opinions expressed by his *dramatis personæ*.

101. *motion*, emotion, as in l. 18 above.

the liver: regarded as the seat of the emotions. Cf. note on i. 1. 37.

102. *that suffer*. "That" refers back to "their" (l. 100), not to "palate."

cloymnt, cloying. Not used elsewhere.

103. *all*. Used adverbially = quite, altogether.

104. *compare*, comparison. Shakespeare uses several verb-forms as substantives. "Beyond compare" is familiar.

106. *owe*, possess, feel, as in i. 5. 329. For its use here, followed by a dative (Olivia), cf. *Coriolanus*, v. 6. 139:

" the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you."

In other instances, to "owe" *love* or *hate* only is used in this construction.

110. *loved*. Note omission of the relative, and cf. i. 5. 108.

120. *our shows are more than will*, our professions go beyond our resolution. Viola judges by the Duke — the particular example with which she is familiar. She is quite aware by this time that there is more show than will about his passion for Olivia.

SCENE 5

Fabian is described as "a servant of Olivia," but he treats the two knights as if he were very much on an equality with them.

1. *come thy ways*. Dr. Abbott (§ 25) and Mr. Wright *sub loc.* concur in calling "ways" an adverb, formed from the possessive of "way." But surely "thy" makes this a very difficult explanation. As the plural of "way" and object of "come," the construction is both simple and natural.

2. *scruple*, fragment. Cf. iii. 4. 88, "No scruple of a scruple," where there is a play on the two senses of the word.

5. *sheep-biter*. Used of an ill-conditioned cur which worries sheep.

9. *bear-baiting*. A form of sport that was particularly obnoxious to the Puritan conscience; though it may be questioned how much the objection was due to humanity, and how much to reprobation of sport because it was sport.

17. *metal of India*. The Indies being regarded as the land of gold (cf. Lyly, *Euphues*, "I saw that India bringeth gold, but England bringeth goodness"), "metal of India" stands for gold. There is a play on the secondary use of *metal* = *spirit* (for which the spelling *mettle* is now used). "Mettle" is the reading of F 1; in the later editions "nettle" was substituted, it being supposed that the reference was to an Indian plant known as *Utrica marina* (sea-nettle). Steevens quotes Greene's *Mamillia*, "Consider, the herb of India is of pleasant smell, but who so cometh to it feeleth present smart." On the whole, however, the reading of the text seems preferable.

28. *affect*, love.

29. *fancy*, fall in love. Cf. the substantive, i. 1. 14, and note.

35. *advanced*, uplifted. So to "advance" a banner is to raise it, not to advance with it.

38. *S' light*, God's light; just as zounds = God's wounds.

39-43. These two speeches should probably be given to Fabian, who is all the time occupied in checking the knight's excitement.

48. *blows him*, puffs him up.

50. *state*, chair of state; usually applied more particularly to the canopy over it. It stands, as here, for "throne" in *1 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 416: "this chair shall be my state."

51. *stone-bow*, crossbow with stones for bullets.

58. *humour of state*, the capricious fancy which rank allows. "Humour" meaning "mood" is used more particularly of a *capricious* mood, as "humorous" commonly means "capricious."

59. *after a demure travel of regard*, after allowing my gaze to travel gravely around.

66. *my* — Malvolio pauses, not having made up his mind what particular "rich jewel" he would have at hand.

67. *courtesies*, makes his courtesy. The application of the word to women in the form "curtsey" came later.

70-71. *with cars* is equivalent to "with cart-horses." The phrase being rather odd, commentators have made various suggestions for altering the text — "with carts" (Johnson), "with cables" (Tyrwhitt), "with cords," "with racks," "with tears," "by the ears," etc.

91. *employment*. The word is used merely out of Malvolio's affection for grandiloquence.

92. *woodcock*. A term used several times to signify a type of foolishness and gullibility. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 161, "O this woodcock, what an ass it is."

gin, an abbreviation of "engine," which is properly any sort of contrivance requiring skill (*ingenium*) in construction.

96. It is to be observed that there is neither a C nor a great P in the superscription of the letter. It is an obvious and simple way out of the difficulty to suppose that Malvolio does not read the whole of it aloud, but that would not fit well with so precise a character. Probably Shakespeare merely named letters that would sound well, knowing that no audience would detect a discrepancy. He was apt to be careless of such details. *E.g.* Malone quotes from *All's Well*, iii. 2 and v. 3, where the same letter is read in each scene, but with a different wording!

97. *in contempt of question*, to question it would be absurd.

103. *impressure*, impression. Cf. "expressure of his eye" at ii. 3. 170.

104. *Lucrece*. The story of Lucretia, wife of Collatinus, the occasion of the expulsion from Rome of the Tarquins, was a favorite one in the sixteenth century. Lucretia was regarded as the type of a chaste matron, and her head seems to have been frequently engraved on gems.

111-112. *the numbers altered*, the metre is changed.

116. *a Lucrece knife*, a knife wherewith the modest woman slays herself for shame. See note on l. 104, above.

119. *fustian*, in inflated style.

123. *what dish*. We should say "what a dish"; but cf. *Julius Caesar*, i. 3. 42, "Cassius, what night is this!"

124. *checks*, turns aside, as an ill-trained hawk would turn, after inferior game, instead of keeping to its true object.

128. *any formal capacity*, any properly regulated intelligence. "Formal" is used as almost equivalent to "sane"; cf. *Comedy of Errors*, v. 105:

"To make of him a formal man again."

140. *at faults*, when the trail is puzzling.

141-142. *there is no consonancy in the sequel*, the remaining letters do not follow in the right order.

144. *O shall end*, he will cry "O" at the end of the story. Johnson thought "O" meant "a collar of hemp."

152. "If this were a little manipulated, it would adapt itself to my view."

155. *my stars*. See note on i. 3. 141-142.

160. *blood*, courage. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, iii. 1. 181, "Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood."

161-162. *cast thy humble slough*, remove your apparel as a snake casts its slough or old skin and appears in brighter colors.

162. *opposite with*, contradictory towards. The "kinsman," of course, is intended for Sir Toby.

164-165. *the trick of singularity*, the air of eccentricity. To be "fantastical" was fashionable.

167. *cross-gartered*. At this time apparently a new fashion, the garters being worn both above and below the knee, and so crossing at the back. Some years later the fashion had gone out, but seems to have still been affected by Puritans; whence Steevens supposes that it is here introduced as a hit at Malvolio's puritanism. It is probable, however, that it only became a Puritan habit to wear cross-garters after the fashionable world had discarded them.

168. *thou art made*, thou art a made man.

172. *alter services*, become thy servant, as thou art hers.

174. *discovers*. A singular verb following a plural subject is by no means rare. Explanations may be found for many individual cases — such as the verb being referred to only one of two subjects (as here); the attraction of the verb to the number of a word intervening between it and the subject; etc. But there are many cases where no such explanation is possible.

Dr. Abbott (§ 247 and §§ 332-338) makes out a strong case for the theory that the apparently singular forms are not really singular in defiance of grammar, but *plurals* — survivals of the old South English plural form in *-eth* and North English plural form in *-es*.

175. *politic authors.* Cf. Sir Toby's remark, "We are politicians." "Politic authors" would mean "exponents of political philosophy," such as Machiavelli, whose works Malvolio proposes to study to fit himself for the high position in store.

178. *jade me,* act like a jade to me, or make a jade of me, since the word "jade" is used to suggest either vice or bad physical condition in a horse. The idea of vice, however, is more frequent; it is more often a term of abuse than of contempt.

186. *strange,* affecting the trick of singularity, or else *distant*. *stout*, surly and opposite. So *2 Henry IV*, i. 1. 187, "As stout and proud as he were lord of all."

192. *dear my sweet.* In addresses "my" often separates the adjective and substantive ("sweet" is here substantive), as in such phrases as "good my lord." Similarly we find "sweet our queen," and at i. 5. 69, "good my mouse of virtue." Cf. Abbott, § 13.

199. *the Sophy,* the ordinary European name for the Shah of Persia, the chief Asiatic potentate known in the West, who was of course assumed to be fabulously rich. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Prince of Morocco boasts among other things that his sword had slain "the Sophy and a Persian prince that won three fields of Sultan Solymán." The name is taken from the dynasty of Safavi, who ruled from 1500 to 1736.

223. *Tartar,* Tartarus, the lowest deep of the infernal regions.

ACT III — SCENE 1

From now on practically all the action takes place at Olivia's home, and by some device or other every character of importance in the play is led there. This results in a greater sense of unity through the closing action of the drama.

2. *tabor,* a kind of small drum, commonly used by professional jesters or clowns. The speech may be a local allusion to the famous clown, Tarleton, who lived at the sign of the Tabor, which was close to a church. Tarleton, however, died in 1588.

4. *churchman*, i.e. an ecclesiastic.

16. *bonds*, like Shylōck's, in which the word was insisted upon rather than the spirit.

39. *pilchard*, a fish bearing a strong resemblance to a herring.

44. *I would be sorry but*, I should be sorry if the fool were not, etc. By the sarcastic "your wisdom," Feste implies that happily Orsino is as adequately supplied with a fool as Olivia.

48. *pass upon me*. "Pass" is used of a thrust in fencing; the phrase is generally taken to mean "thrust at me in your word-fencing." But there is no instance of "pass upon" being so used, and it seems rather to suggest "play tricks," much as we use "pass off." Cf. v. 1. 360, "This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee."

50. *commodity*, consignment. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, iv. 2. 19, "Such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum."

65. *welkin . . . element*: the word "element" had become a part of the pedantic slang in vogue at the time. The Clown's synonym for it is, of course, appropriate only in a totally different sense.

71. *haggard*, the wild hawk, which pursues any quarry that appears. Cf. the previous remarks on the staniel (ii. 5. 124). The trained hawk would strike only at higher game. The point here is, that the jester must distribute his wit miscellaneously, so escaping the suspicion of malignity.

74-75. "Judicious folly must be properly adapted to time and place; but when a wise man talks folly he spoils his own reputation for wisdom."

75. *wit*: here used in the common Shakespearean sense of *intelligence*, *shrewdness*, not *wittiness*.

78. *Dieu vous garde*. This must be spoken by Sir Andrew, as the next remark attributed to him is evidently not Sir Toby's. It has been suggested that the two knights' speeches should be interchanged, as Sir Andrew before was so ignorant of French that he was puzzled by Toby's "*Pourquoi*" (i. 3. 95); but that would not interfere with his having picked up a French phrase. Moreover, he understands Viola's reply in l. 79.

82. *trade*, business generally; perhaps here more closely connected with the idea of "going to and fro," conveyed in *Richard II*, iii. 3. 156, "some way of common trade."

87. *list*, limit, goal; properly the fringe or border of a piece of cloth. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, iv. 1. 5:

“ The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.”

88. *Taste your legs.* Sir Toby's eccentricities in the use of language have three sources: canary, the desire to mystify Sir Andrew, and the affectation of a temporary fashion. This phrase, like “ encounter the house ” above, falls under the third class. “ Taste ” being used for “ try ” or “ test,” in such phrases as “ taste their valour ” (for which cf. “ a taste of your quality,” etc.), with abstract words, Sir Toby extends its use to the very concrete word “ legs.”

94. *prevented,* anticipated. To “ prevent ” is literally to “ go before,” whether as a guide (for which cf. the Prayer-Book, “ May always prevent and rule our hearts ”); or as an obstacle, from whence comes the ordinary use; or simply, as here.

100. Observe the extreme affectation of style which Viola adopts whenever she is formally speaking as the Duke's messenger. The moment she speaks for herself, or with any touch of real emotion, her phrases are no longer of the recondite kind which rouse Sir Andrew's envy, but become pure poetry.

110. *lowly feigning,* pretended humility.

120. *hear you to solicit.* Cf. note on “ go hunt,” i. 1. 16.

121. *music from the spheres.* This is a reference to the Pythagorean notion of the universe as having harmony for its central principle. Plato uses the idea in the *Republic*, from which Milton took the lines in his *Arcades*:

“ Then listen I
To the celestial sirens' harmony
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres . . .
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with poor unpurgéd ear.”

The same idea is found in the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*:

“ From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
This universal frame began.”

124. *abuse,* misuse.

129. *at the stake.* The metaphor is from bear-baiting.

131. *receiving,* understanding. Cf. note on ii. 2. 12.

132. *cypress,* i.e. a transparent covering. “ Cypress ” or “ cyprus ” is crape. Cf. the discussion of the word in ii. 4. 53 note, and also see Glossary.

135. a vulgar proof, a common experience, a thing proved by common experience. So *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 21:

“ 'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder.”

146. westward-ho! This was a familiar cry on the Thames, when the watermen were ready to start upstream, westward.

151. that you do think . . ., that you forget your position (in falling in love with a servant). Olivia in her reply means that she thinks “Cesario” is not in the position he ought to occupy; whereas Viola in turn refers — in her own mind and to the audience — to her not being a man.

171. no woman has, I have given to no woman.

nor never none. The repetition of negatives, intensifying the negative force, is common, as observed at i. 5. 102, note; but the triple negative, as here, is rare. Cf., however, *As You Like It*, i. 2. 29, “nor no further in sport, neither,” and the Clown at iv. 1. 8 in this play.

SCENE 2

17. grand-jurymen. It is the business of the grand jury not to decide the question of guilt or innocence, but whether there is sufficient evidence against an accused person to have the case fully tried.

20. dormouse, i.e. sleeping like a dormouse.

26. the double gilt . . . having this very fine opportunity given you, you allow it to be spoiled by a delay.

27-28. sailed into the north, i.e. the cold and frosty regions of discredit, instead of the sunshine of favor.

29. a Dutchman's beard. The Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, and English were the great ocean-going and exploring races at the end of the sixteenth century, and in northern waters the Dutch had done the most. Shakespeare may have had in his mind the recent discovery of Nova Zembla by a Dutch expedition in 1596.

33. a Brownist. Sir Andrew has a special horror of Puritans, as before noted. The sect of Independents or Congregationists were known also as Brownists, from their leader, Robert Brown, who founded that body in 1581.

34. politician and policy are used with various shades of meaning, ranging from “statesman” and “statesmanship”

to "intriguer" and "intrigue," with an obvious connection of ideas. But in any case a "politician" would have to be alert-minded; whence Sir Andrew's objection to the tribe.

35. *build me*. "Me" is the ethic dative, as perhaps in i. 2. 53, "Conceal me what I am," where see note. The usage is very common. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 267, "he plucked me ope his doublet."

36. *Challenge me*. See preceding note.

39. *love-broker*, agent for love affairs.

45. *curst*. This means not "accursed" but "crossed," which has now degenerated into "cross." So in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "Kate the curst" means "Kate the cross," or "ill-tempered."

48. *if thou thou'st him*, if you address him as "thou." The French have the word *tutoyer*, which means the same thing. Except in poetical passages, "thou" was used only by a superior addressing an inferior, or between intimate companions.

51. *the bed of Ware*. An immense bed, measuring nearly eleven feet square, at Ware, in Herfordshire. It is said to have been at the Stag Inn, in Shakespeare's time, and was subsequently at three or four other inns.

56. *the cubiculo*, the lodging. A corruption of Sir Toby's.

65-66. *blood in his liver*. The liver was regarded as the seat of courage, and to be "white-livered" was to be a coward.

68. *his opposite*, his opponent.

70. *the youngest wren of nine*. Nine is the normal number for a brood of wrens, and the last hatched is commonly the smallest.

72. *the spleen* here means "a violent fit of laughter," for which sense cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 1. 77, "By virtue, thou enforcest laughter, thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling." The commoner use is in the sense either of "melancholy" or "anger."

78. *passages of grossness*, gross impositions. "Passage" practically = imposition; for which cf. "pass upon," iii. 1. 48, note.

80. *pedant*, pedagogue, schoolmaster.

84. *the new map*: perhaps that which appears in some copies of the 1599 edition of Hakluyt's voyages. See Introduction, p. vi.

SCENE 3

8. *jealousy what might befall*, doubt of what might befall.

15. *And thanks*, . . . This passage is evidently corrupt. F 1 omits the words "Too oft," and the later editions omit ll. 15 and 16 altogether. Emendations can only be conjectural, and I have altered the text merely so as to make it possible to read the lines aloud. Theobald's conjecture, on which the present reading is based, was "and oft."

16. *uncurrent*, not legal tender.

19. *reliques*, remains, whether referring to old buildings or relics of saints.

24. *renown*, make renowned. The verb has otherwise dropped out of use.

26. *the count his galleys*. "His" is occasionally used as the sign of the possessive case. But here perhaps we should read "the county's."

33. *answer'd*, compensated.

36. *lapsed*, surprised.

38. *fit me*, befit me.

39. *Elephant*. An inn so named, probably having a picture of an elephant for its sign. In times when many people could not read, pictured signs were of great service.

SCENE 4

5. *sad*, sober. Cf. "Speak, sad brow and true maid."

54. *Thy*. Very possibly we should read *My*, as Olivia does not know that Malvolio is quoting, and evidently takes the next "thou" (in l. 57) as addressed to her. So understood, his remark would of course be the more mysterious.

61. *midsummer madness*. Heat was regarded as a cause of madness.

71. *come near me*, understand me.

79. *consequently*, *i.e.* in the words which follow.

82. *Jove's*. It may be that Malvolio thought it more becoming to adopt the pagan adjurations of the court, in lieu of his previous puritanism.

88. *no scruple of a scruple*. Malvolio, affecting "the trick of singularity," breaks out into unwonted jesting. The pun has already been commented on.

89. *incredulous*, causing incredulity.

95. *Legion*. An allusion to the man possessed with many devils (*Mark* v. 9).

128. *Biddy, come with me*. Probably a snatch of a song.

142. *genius*, his guardian angel.

144. *take air*, *i.e.* become known.

148. It was the customary practice to place a madman in a dark room.

155. *a May morning*: May-day being a time when excitement and practical jokes might be expected.

164. *admire*, wonder. Cf. *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 110, "with most admired disorder." Note the double negative.

181. *on the windy side*, to windward — the position of advantage; but the idea can hardly be taken, as Mr. Wright says, from hunting. If the hunter is to windward the quarry scents him.

the law. This is perhaps a hit at the "law of the duello," with its very subtle distinctions between expressions which did or did not make a fight incumbent.

191. *commerce*, conversation. But cf. iii. 1. 64, "trade."

199. *approbation*, convincing testimony.

226. *'haviour*. The first syllable in many words is occasionally dropped if in ordinary use it is very lightly accented. Cf. note on ii. 4. 18.

228. *jewel*. Used not necessarily of a gem, but of any valuable ornament. It is curious to observe that two such different forms as "gaud" and "jewel" have the same origin: Latin *gaudium*, diminutive form *gaudiolum*; "jewel" coming through the French, *joie, joiel*.

240. Sir Toby, rising to the occasion, uses all the unexpected and alarming words that occur to his mind.

244. *dismount thy tuck*, draw thy sword.

257. *unhatched*, unhacked; that is, knighted with an ornamental rapier, not with a blade that had just seen service on the field of battle.

258. *carpet-knights* were those who received knighthood not for acts of prowess but for mere favor or "material consideration," as Sir Toby here suggests.

265. *conduct*, escort.

278. *this . . . office, as to know*. We should say "such" instead of "this"; but "that . . . as" "this . . . as" are common in Shakespeare; and we get also the converse, "such . . . which." (Abbott, § 280.)

know, learn. Cf. *Othello*, v. 1. 117, "go know of Cassio where he supped to-night."

287. *mortal arbitrement*, decision by the death of one or the other.

298. *Sir priest*. The title "Sir" was habitually applied to priests as well as to knights, as readers of *Westward Ho* will remember. Shakespeare's parsons — Sir Hugh Evans, Sir Oliver Martext, etc — have the title, as has "Sir Topas the curate" in this play.

300. *Exeunt*. Dyce suggested that there should be a shifting of the scene to the orchard end, where Sir Andrew was waiting. This would no doubt be in more exact accordance with the plan of the conspirators, but would be less convenient on the stage.

302. *frago*, doubtless Sir Toby's variation for *virago*.

307. *the Sophy*. Cf. note on ii. 5. 199.

320. *take up*, make up. Cf. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 50, "How was that quarrel ta'en up?"

322. *is as horribly conceited*, has as horrible a conception. So "to conceit" is "to form a conception," e.g. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3. 162, "Him and his worth you have right well conceited."

338. *the duello*, i.e. the laws of the duel, referred to in note on l. 181.

349. *undertaker*, one who undertakes another's business, an agent or a surety; "contractor" is perhaps the nearest equivalent.

358. *reins well*, answers the rein. Sir Andrew is, of course, thinking of his offer of "Grey Capilet."

363. *favour*, face.

379. *my having*, what I have.

389. *vainness*, boasting.

397. *venerable*, admirable. The appropriation of the word to old age is modern.

402. *unkind*, unnatural; wanting in natural feeling, — the equivalent to the Latin *impius*.

413. *saws*, sayings.

a couplet or two. Proverbs very commonly take the form of a rhymed couplet.

415. *living*. It is uncertain whether this is the present participle, or a survival of the infinitive form in *-en*, *liven* = to live. See Abbott, § 349.

ACT IV — SCENE 1

1. *will you*, do you wish to. The original sense of active wish or intention is very commonly present in the Shakespearean use of *will*, where we should use it merely as a future.

6. *nor I am not*. Note the Clown's piling up of negatives, ending with a triple negative; as before at iii. 1. 171, where see note.

10. *vent*, utter, give vent to.

14. *this great lubber*, . . . The reading may be corrupt. If not, the Clown must be railing at the affectation overspreading the world, which is vulgar at bottom. "Lubber" can hardly refer to Sebastian, who must have been of slight and graceful build to be mistaken for Viola; though the sentence might be taken to mean, "the world will prove this great lubber to be a cockney." Grant White reads "lubberly word" for "lubber the world"; but "vent" can hardly be so called.

15-16. *ungird thy strangeness*, put off your haughtiness; expressed in this affected way as a jibe at Sebastian's "vent thy folly."

19. *Greek*. The term seems to have been used as equivalent to "roysterer": the proverbially merry "grig" seems to be derived from it.

24. *fourteen years' purchase*, *i.e.* purchase at the price of fourteen years' returns; from which it is clear that this was a high rate for the purchase of land in Shakespeare's day, though it would be low now.

34. *come on*, come away. Sir Toby evidently seizes Sebastian, and is not challenging him to "come on" and fight him instead.

36-37. *an action of battery*, an action for assault and battery *i.e.* beating, from French *battre*.

42-43. *you are well fleshed*, you have tasted enough blood.

45. *tempt*, try.

57. *extent*, attack, a legal term. Cf. *As You Like It*, iii. 1. 17, "Make an extent upon his house and lands." The full legal term is "a writ of *extendi facias*."

63. *heart*, the play upon "heart" and "hart" is a favorite one. Cf. note on i. 1. 17, and *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 260.

66. *Lethe*, the river whose waters bring forgetfulness; one of the four rivers of Hades.

SCENE 2

4-5. *dissemble myself*, disguise myself.

9. *to be said*, to be called.

11. *competitors*, confederates. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 6. 35, "myself in council, his competitor."

14. *Bonos dies*. The Clown talks Latin, rehearsing his part as priest.

16. *Gorboduc*. The play of *King Gorboduc* appeared in 1565; but the monarch's niece is mythical. Nor is it necessary to identify the hermit of Prague.

48. *Egyptians in their fog*. An allusion to the plague of darkness in Egypt (*Exodus*, x. 21).

53. *constant*, consistent, reasonable.

54. *Pythagoras*, a famous Greek philosopher. The reference is to the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

68. *I am for all waters*, nothing comes amiss. It has been suggested that the Clown is playing upon his assumed name of "Topas," and means that he can support the character of any jewel.

76. *the upshot*, the conclusion, the final shot.

78. *Hey Robin*, . . . The Clown sings a couple of stanzas from a popular song, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

92. *besides*, beside.

five wits, on the analogy of the five senses. Cf.:

"Alone and warming his five wits
The white owl in the belfry sits."

99. *propertied me*, treated me like a piece of property, or a chattel.

102. *advise you*, be careful. From here to l. 109 the Clown is sometimes himself, sometimes the imaginary Sir Topas.

112. *shent*, scolded.

135. *Vice*. This is a reference to the old morality plays, in which the devil appeared; the "Vice" treated him very much as Harlequin treats Pantaloon in the modern pantomime harlequinade, which is in fact a survival of these plays. Cf. *Henry V*, iv. 4. 75, "this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a dagger."

SCENE 3

6. *credit*, belief.
9. *with my sense*, the sense of sight, or the five senses.
12. *instance*, example.
21. *deceiveable*, the passive form for the active *deceptive*. Cf. *Richard II*, ii. 3. 84, "whose duty is deceiveable and false." Cf. "reverberate" for "reverberant," i. 5. 291, note.
24. *chantry*, private chapel.
26. Note that this ceremony is not an actual marriage, but a formal betrothal which was held binding.
29. *whiles*, until.
- come to note*, be made known.
30. *what time*, when.

ACT V — SCENE 1

Notice how ingeniously Shakespeare makes all the characters of the play come together in this closing scene.

21. *profit*, either "I gain advantage by knowing myself," or "I become proficient in knowledge of myself."

23. *conclusions to be as kisses . . .* "If the logical conclusion follows from bringing the two premises together, as kisses follow from bringing two pairs of lips together." Carrying it farther, the four negatives making two affirmatives correspond to the two pairs of lips.

35. *Put your grace in your pocket . . .* Since by grace a man resists evil counsels, and natural inclination makes him follow them, never mind grace but follow my ill counsel.

36. *it*, the ill counsel.

37. *so much . . . to be*, for "as to be." For the omission of *as*, cf. ii. 2. 10, "That you be never so hardy to come."

40. *triplex*, triple time.

42. *St. Bennet*. The church of St. Bennet Hithe, Paul's Wharf, was just opposite the Globe Theatre; hence probably the allusion here. But the reference may be to some popular melody.

45. *throw*, cast of the dice, this turn in the game.

57. *bawbling*, a small craft. The term "bauble" was used much as we use "cockle" for a vessel that could not face rough weather. The word is familiar to us as used of things of more show than worth. For the special sense, cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 1. 27:

“ and his shipping—

Poor, ignorant baubles!— on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks.”

There are two separate words which have become confused.

58. *unprizable*, either (1) worthless, of no value; or (2) which could not be captured (because it could pass where ships of greater draught could not); or (3) above price, invaluable, as the light English craft had proved to be against the great Spanish galleons. The first meaning is on the whole most probable, as implying more brilliant courage and skill on the part of the captain. The Duke would hardly have used the contemptuous term “bawbling” if he was going to call the same ship “invaluable” in the next breath.

60. *bottom*, ship. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 42, “My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.”

61. *the tongue of loss*, the voices of the losers.

64. *fraught*, freight. So *Othello*, iii. 3. 449, “Swell, bosom, with thy fraught.”

Candy, Candia or Crete.

67. *desperate of shame and state*, reckless of disgrace and of his plight.

74. *dear*, costly.

94. *recommended*, intrusted.

102. *Three months*. This is a rather material slip. In Act i, sc. 4, Viola had been only three days with the Duke; Antonio and Sebastian appear in Illyria, either on the same day or the next morning—the former if ii. 1 is in its right place; the latter if Antonio's statement in ll. 103-105 is to be accepted. Act ii, sc. 4 is the next morning, and all the remaining events take place on the same day.

tended, attended. Cf. “praise” for “appraise,” “haviour” for “behaviour,” etc. See note on “motions,” ii. 4. 18.

112. *fat and fulsome*, nauseating.

116. *ingrate*, ungrateful. The word occurs several times in Shakespeare; now it is used not as an adjective, but as a substantive.

117. *hath*. This is the Globe reading. The Ff read *have*, and very probably that is what Shakespeare wrote, the verb being attracted to the number of “offerings” which intervenes between it and the singular verb. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 33, “The posture of your blows *are* yet unknown.”

121. *the Egyptian thief.* The reference is to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea, told in the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, of which a translation had been issued in 1568, and a second edition in 1587. Theagenes and Chariclea were captured by the Egyptian Thyamis, who fell in love with the lady, and being thereafter in danger of being taken and slain, attempted to kill her first.

123. *hear me this.* "Me" may be regarded either as the ethic dative, or as object, with "this" as a second object. Cf. i. 2. 53, "Conceal me what I am," where precisely the same alternative constructions are admissible. See note *ad loc.*

126. *screws, twists.*

135. *apt, ready.*

141. *tainting, corruption,* a verbal noun, hence followed by *of*. Cf. *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 49, "I remember the kissing of her batlet." The usage, however, is by no means obsolete, though commonly the verbal force survives, and an accusative follows. See Abbott, § 93.

144. *forgot.* This form is commoner in Shakespeare than *forgotten*, just as we have *writ, took, shook*, for *written, taken, shaken*, and the like. Cf. i. 4. 20, note on *spoke*.

150. *strangle thy propriety,* suppress your identity, "propriety" deriving this sense from *proper* = own, *proper-self* = own self. Cf. *Othello*, ii. 3. 176:

"it frights the isle
From her propriety."

162. *interchangement.* This was the old practice. The rule of only the bride wearing a wedding ring was an innovation.

163. *ceremony,* "formal rite." This word in Shakespeare is almost always scanned as a trisyllable; it would be admissible to read "cĕrĕ-mŏny," but the frequency of its occurrence makes it probable that *cere* is pronounced as a monosyllable, as in "cere-cloth." But in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 11, "Set on and leave no ceremony out," the word is clearly a quadrisyllable. See Appendix B, 6 (c).

compact, always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare.

164. *in my function,* in my official capacity (as a chaplain). Cf. iv. 2. 7, "I am not tall enough to become the function well."

168. *case,* the hunter's term for the skin of beasts of chase.

174. *little,* some little, a being dropped, as in ii. 5. 123, where see note.

197. *halting*, lame.

204. *set*, i.e. closed.

205-206. *passy measures pavin*. F 1 has *panyn*. Sir Toby is so exceedingly drunk that it is hardly necessary to find a meaning in this unintelligible term of abuse. But seeing that Sir Toby in his cups is given to talking of dances, and that he called Malvolio "Peg-a-Ramsey," which is the title of a song, he may have intended here to say "pessamezzo pavin," a slow dance, meaning that "Dick surgeon" is a dignified fraud. In any case it may be assumed that "passy measures" is an attempt at "passa mezzo" = slow-going; and we may either leave "panyn," or substitute "pavin" (as in the text) or "panym" = "pagan," a common enough word, though not found in Shakespeare.

219. *a strange regard*, a distant or shrinking look. Cf. "ungird thy strangeness," iv. 1. 15-16.

222. *so late ago*, a confusion of "so lately," and "so short a time ago."

224. *natural* is scanned as a dissyllable; and *perspective* has the accent on the first syllable, as always in Shakespeare.

perspective. A "perspective" was an arrangement of reflecting glasses, which presented a multiplicity of pictures unless looked at from a particular angle, when a single image was seen. Cf. *Richard II*, ii. 2. 18 (where "rightly" means "at angles"):

"Like perspectives which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
Distinguish form."

235. *of here and everywhere*, the power of being in two places at once.

241. *suited*, dressed.

244. *dimension*, bodily form.

246. *goes even*, agrees.

253. *record*. Accent on the second syllable; so usually, but not always, in Shakespeare. We accent the noun *récord*, the verb *reórd*, and so with many like words.

256. *lets*, prevents.

259. *do*. After "each circumstance" the verb should be singular, but the subject is forgotten in the series of intervening words, "place, time, fortune."

jump, agree, as in the familiar proverb, "Great wits jump."

So "jump" is used as an adverb = exactly. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, i. 2. 78, "It jumps with my humour."

266. *mistook*, mistaken. Cf. note on i. 4. 20.

267. *to her bias drew*, a phrase from the game of bowls.

271. *right noble*. The Duke had known the elder Sebastian, i. 2. 28.

278. *that orb'd continent*. The natural interpretation of this is, "As the sun does the fire which keeps day from night." But since the sun is spoken of as "the fire," the "orb'd continent" may mean the firmament which holds the sun.

282. *upon*, in consequence of.

285. *enlarge*, set at large.

286. *remember me*. "Remember" was still commonly used reflexively.

287. *distract*. With verbs ending in *-t*, *-te*, or *-d*, the termination *-ed* of the participle is often dropped. Cf. note on i. 1. 26.

288. *extracting*, absorbing, drawing me away from all else.

295. *it skills not*, it makes no difference; from the Icelandic *skilja*, divide, discern.

299. *delivers*, reads his message.

304. *Vox*, i.e. the appropriate tone. It is evident that Feste has begun reading in character, as Malvolio's words would hardly account for Olivia's mistrust of the Clown's reading.

306. "I am reading in my right wits; but to read Malvolio's right wits, one must assume the madman."

325. "To think me as desirable a sister as wife."

326. *The alliance on 't*. "On 't," i.e. "of the double marriage" is not strictly grammatical.

327. *my proper cost*, my own personal expense, as with the French *propre*.

328. *apt*, ready.

340. *from it*, unlike it.

345-346. *bade me come . . . to put on . . .* Note "bade" followed by the verb first without and then with "to" in the same sentence, and cf. note on i. 1. 16.

354. *character*, handwriting, the usual meaning in Shakespeare.

358. *such . . . which*, converse of "that . . . as"; in place of "such as" and "that which." Abbott, §§ 277, 278.

360. *practice*, plot, the usual Shakespearean meaning.
pass'd upon, outwitted.

364. Note here (1) the double negative, (2) the use and omission of *to* in the same sentence.

369. "On account of a stubborn discourtesy which we perceived in him, to his discredit."

370. *writ*, for *wrote*, the commoner form in Shakespeare.

371. *importance*, importunity. Fabian presumably wishes to shelter Maria behind Sir Toby. Cf. *King John*, ii. 1. 7, "At our importance hither is he come." *Important* in the sense of *importunate* occurs several times.

372. *hath married her*. It is of no consequence that the events have allowed no time or opportunity for this to have taken place. Time and opportunity are freely disregarded. Sir Toby appeared in this scene with a broken head; but Sebastian had not broken it when they met, and the knight had since been to listen to Feste playing Sir Topas. To make matters straight we should have to suppose that, on parting from Olivia, Sebastian had had a second meeting with the knights; but then Sir Andrew had already had one all-sufficient lesson. The simple fact is that these inconsistencies would pass without notice on the stage, and Shakespeare was not inclined to spoil a stage effect for the sake of precision in detail.

384-385. *whirligig*, a toy wheel. Time's whirligig is like Fortune's wheel. Those who are at the top to-day may be at the bottom to-morrow.

391. *convents*. It is quite possible that "convents" here means "suits," which would accord with its derivation and with the use of the cognate word "convenient." In all other passages where it occurs, however, it means "summon," being equivalent to "convene."

398. It is quite uncertain how much, if any, of this song is Shakespeare's. The refrain was probably common, and we have it again in *King Lear*, iii. 2. 75. Cf. note on the Clown's songs at ii. 3. 52. Of course it is possible to maintain, with Knight, that the song is profoundly philosophical, but most of the philosophy has to be imported into it.

APPENDIX A

SHAKESPEARE AND PURITANISM

THE play of *Twelfth Night* contains some direct references to the Puritans, and to particular sections of the more extreme religious reformers; while the character of Malvolio is frequently supposed to have been drawn as a deliberate attack upon the Puritans. The party had learned their rigid tenets in the stern school of persecution; from an attitude of dogged endurance they were rapidly advancing to one of direct aggression; and long before *Twelfth Night* was written they had begun to make active war upon sports and pastimes generally, and upon the stage in particular.

As a natural consequence, the works of the Elizabethan playwrights are full of allusions to and attacks upon them, the asceticism and rigor of the new religion being essentially opposed to the imaginative freedom and the pagan latitude which marked the intellectual movement of the day.

Nevertheless, it is remarkable that except in this play there are very few references to the Puritans discoverable in Shakespeare; and it appears to me that what we find in *Twelfth Night* fully bears out the view that the poet regarded these bitter enemies of his craft with a large, good-humored tolerance; and if he mocks them in the person of Malvolio, it is to smile at their extravagances, not to lash their supposed vices.

We must always be on our guard against fancying that when the dramatist puts a phrase into the mouth of one of his characters, he is giving utterance to a serious opinion of his own. I have commented on this point in the notes, with reference to certain of Orsino's speeches. But if Orsino must not be regarded as Shakespeare's mouthpiece, still less are Sir Andrew and Maria to be regarded as serious exponents of his views. It is Sir Andrew who "had as lief be a Brownist as a politician"; and who desires to "beat Malvolio like a dog" for being a Puritan — a reason which even Sir Toby and Maria appear to regard as inadequate. In fact, the passages where Puritanism is directly referred to seem to satirize its detractors quite as much as its professors.

Moreover, if we study Malvolio himself, we find that he is by no means an example of that malignant type which might have been drawn by an angry opponent. He is not held up to fierce contempt, as in a later day Burns held up the "unco guid" of his own society. He is not an unctuous knave with scripture on his lips and lies in his heart. On the contrary, he is an extremely worthy but misguided person, whose supreme vanity topples him headlong into the snare which his enemies have laid for him; an eminently suitable subject for a practical joke, but assuredly not a villain. At all times and in all ages, the vice of Puritanism is hypocrisy; but the weakness which lures Malvolio to his downfall is vanity.

That Shakespeare himself was no Puritan is sufficiently obvious. The zest with which he depicts a Falstaff or a Sir Toby would be impossible to a man who held ascetic doctrines — indeed it might be said that no man could be at once a genuine Puritan and a genuine humorist. His own powers of enjoyment were far too keen to allow him to sympathize with those who held that because they were virtuous there should be no more cakes and ale. But he was far too large-minded to be beguiled by professional feeling into an attitude of angry animosity to a movement which, despite its exaggerations and excesses, embodied a sincere and genuine effort to realize a lofty though circumscribed ideal. Of Puritanism as a religious movement he has nothing to say; he is content to make us smile at its absurdities as a scheme of human conduct. In the one accepted Puritan of his creation, he has drawn not a dangerous fanatic, not a self-seeking hypocrite, but a formalist, whose vanity is nearly as pathetic as it is absurd.

APPENDIX B

METRE

1. METRE AS AN INDICATION OF DATE

ENGLISH blank verse did not come into use until the sixteenth century; and at the commencement of its career, the rules which regulated its employment were strict. It was only when the instrument was becoming familiar that experiments could be ventured upon, and variations and modifications freely introduced. The changes in the structure of blank verse between the time when Shakespeare commenced writing and the time of his retirement are great; and the variations in this respect are among the most important indications of the date of any given play. That is to say, broadly speaking, the less strictly regular the metre, the later the play.

In the same way, a gradually increasing disregard of other kindred conventions marks the later plays as compared with the earlier. A good deal of rhyme survives in the dialogue in the earlier plays; later it is to be found only occasionally at the close of a scene or a speech, to round it off — probably a concession to stage tradition analogous to the similar use of “gnomae” in Greek plays, and of a “sentiment” in modern melodrama. The first use of prose is only for purposes of comedy; later, it is used with comparative freedom (as in *Hamlet*) in passages of a very different type, though the introduction of verse in a prose scene always marks a rise to a higher emotional plane.

In the present play, which belongs to the middle period, all these characteristics are in the stage of development which betokens the middle period.

2. FORM OF BLANK VERSE

Our study of versification is commonly restricted to that of Latin and Greek. When we examine English verse structure, a distinction at once appears. In classical verse the governing element is quantity; in English it is *stress*. And inasmuch as stress is much less definite than quantity, the rules of English verse cannot be given with the same precision as those of Latin and Greek. But we may

begin with certain explanations as to what stress is *not*. A "stressed" syllable is not the same as a long syllable; nor is stress the same as *sense* emphasis. Any strong or prolonged dwelling of the voice on a syllable, for whatever reason, is stress. So, while a syllable must be either long or short, there are many shades of gradation between the unstressed and the strongly stressed. And as in Greek tragic verse a long syllable may, in certain positions, take the place of a short one, so a moderately stressed syllable may often in English take the place of an unstressed one.

To start with, then, — to get at the basis of our metre, — we will take no account of weak stress, but treat all syllables as if they must have either no stress or a strong stress; and throughout, the word stress, when used without a qualifying adjective, will mean strong stress. The acute accent (´) will be used to mark a stress, the grave (`) to mark a weak stress, the () to mark a syllable sounded but not stressed.

The primary form of the Shakespearean line is — five feet, each of two syllables; each foot carrying one stress, on the second syllable; with a sense pause at the end of the line.

Hath kill'd´ | the flock´ | of all´ | affec´ | tions else´ (i. 1. 36).

3. NORMAL VARIATIONS

But if there were no variations of this, the effect would be monotonous and mechanical after a very few lines.

(a) The first variation, therefore, is brought about by the stress in one or two of the feet being thrown on the first instead of the second syllable, which is known as an "inverted" stress.

O´, it | came o'er´ | my ear´ | like´ the | sweet sound´ (i. 1. 5).

The like´ | of him´. | Know'st´ thou | this count´ | ry´ (i. 2. 21).

Observe that the stress is thus thrown back much more commonly in the first foot of the line than elsewhere; and that in the other cases the stressed syllable usually follows a pause.

(b) Variety is introduced by the insertion of an extra unstressed syllable which is not extra-metrical, analogous to the use of an anapaest instead of an iambus.

Lét mě speak´ | a lit´ | tlě. Thís youth´ | that you | see here
(iii. 4. 398).

As a general rule, however, such extra syllables are very slightly pronounced, though not altogether omitted but slurred, as very

often happens when two vowels come next to each other, or are separated only by a liquid. See 6 (e) and (g).

(c) The converse of this is the (very rare) omission of an unstressed syllable. This is found only where the stress is very strong, and the omission is really made up for by a pause. This play contains no distinct example.

(d) Extra-metrical unstressed syllables are added before a pause, sometimes in the middle of a line.

E'er since | pursue | (me). How now! | what news | from her?
(i. 1. 23).

In this play, examples are extremely numerous, chiefly when a speech begins in the middle of a line.

Very frequently an extra-metrical syllable comes at the end of a line, and this is fairly common in *Twelfth Night*. It is only in quite early plays that it is at all unusual, only in the later ones that it is actually habitual.

For I | can sing,
And speak | to him | in man | y sorts | of mu(sic),
That will | allow | me ve | ry worth | his ser(vice) (i. 2. 57-60).

By an extension of this practice we sometimes have two such extra-metrical syllables:

That do | renown | this ci | ty. Would | you'd par(don me)
(iii. 3. 24).

The increasing frequency of extra-metrical syllables is a useful approximate guide to the date of a play. But they are never so frequent in Shakespeare as in some of the younger dramatists.

(e) The variation which perhaps most of all characterizes the later plays is the disappearance of the sense pause at the end of the line. At first, a clause running over from one line to the next is very rare; in the last plays it is extremely common. (The presence of a sense-pause is not necessarily marked by a stop; it is sufficient for the purpose that the last word should be dwelt upon; the pause may be merely rhetorical, not grammatical.) In this play, the sense pause is much more common, but over-running is far from rare.

4. WEAK STRESSES

The basis of scansion being thus settled, we may observe how the rules are modified by weak or intermediate stresses, which are in fact the chief protection against monotony.

(a) Lines in which there are not five strong stresses are very plentiful: *e.g.*

Ī pri' | thee, and | I'll pay' | thee boún | teously (i. 2. 52).

In the fifth foot particularly, the stress is very often extremely slight.

(b) On the other hand, lines in which there are two stressed syllables in one foot are not rare.

But falls' | ĩn'tò | äbate' | mënt änd | low' price' (i. 1. 13).
O' time' ! | thou' must | un tang' | le this', | not I' (ii. 2. 41).

A foot with a double stress is nearly always preceded by a pause, or by a foot with a very weak stress only.

(c) It will be observed that there are never fewer than three strong stresses; that any foot in which there is no strong stress must at any rate have one syllable with a weak stress; and that very often such a foot has two weak stresses, preventing the feeling that the line is altogether too light. Thus a syllable which is quite unemphatic acquires a certain stress merely by length, as in some of the above cases. And, speaking broadly, a very strong stress in one foot compensates for a weak stress in the neighboring foot.

5. IRREGULARITIES

(a) Occasionally lines occur with an extra foot: *i.e.* an additional stress after the normal ten syllables.

That ty | rannous heart | can think ? | To one | of your | receiving
(iii. 1. 131).

But this does not often occur in the course of a speech, and when it does there is usually a break in the middle of the line, as in this instance. It is, however, decidedly common in broken dialogue.

Oli. What ho, | Malvo | lio!

Mal. Here, ma | dam, at | your service (i. 5. 318).

And this is probably often to be explained by the second speaker breaking in on the first.

(b) Short lines occur chiefly at the beginning or end of a speech; and in dialogue, a remark which is out of the metre is sometimes interpolated: *e.g.* in ii. 4. 90, 107.

(c) As a general rule in the plays, these short lines occur with frequency only in hurried or excited dialogue. Their purpose is not to give variety to the metre, but to produce the dramatic effect of

hurried interruption or anxious pause. Sometimes the blank is filled by action on the stage, or by music.

In some of the plays, such short lines are sometimes almost certainly due to the mutilation of the text, passages having been cut out for stage purposes.

(d) Interjections and proper names (especially vocatives) are frequently extra-metrical.

Do give | thee five- | fold blaz | on: not | too fast': | soft! soft!
(i. 5. 312).

(e) Similarly, after a pause an extra-metrical interjection may come in the middle of a line.

And that | I owe | Oli | via. (Ay), but | I know (ii. 4. 106).

In nearly every instance observe that the unusual stress comes either after a pause, whether at the beginning of a line or in the middle; or at the end of a line in which there is a break.

6. APPARENT IRREGULARITIES

(a) Difficulties occasionally arise from the fact that words in Shakespeare's day were sometimes accented in a different way from that of the present day, and sometimes even bear a different accent in different places in Shakespeare's own writing. Thus we say *as'pect*, Shakespeare sometimes *as'pect* and sometimes *aspect'*. On the other hand, we say "complete'," Shakespeare has sometimes *complete'*, sometimes *com'plete*. In effect we must often be guided by the verse in deciding on which syllable of a word the accent should fall, because custom had not yet finally decided in favor of a particular syllable. Speaking broadly, the tendency of modern pronunciation is to throw the accent far back. On the other hand, however, Shakespeare has *per'spective*, whereas we say *perspec'tive*.

(b) Similarly, when two vowels come together (as in words ending with *-ion*, *-ius*, *-ious*, and the like), we are in the habit of slurring the first, and sometimes of blending it with the preceding consonant; so that we pronounce *ambit-i-on* as *ambishon*. In Shakespeare the vowel in such cases is sometimes slurred and sometimes not, in the same word in different places; usually the former in the middle of a line, often the latter at the end. In such cases we must be guided simply by ear in deciding whether the vowel is slurred or sounded distinctly. And we have to decide in exactly the same way when we are to sound or not sound the terminal *-ed* of the past participle.

Thus we have in consecutive lines:

But in | conclu | sion put | strange speech | upon me;
I know | not what | 'twas but | distrac | ti on (v. 1. 70-71).

(c) Again, in a particular word, a syllable seems to be sometimes sounded, sometimes not. Thus in *Julius Caesar* (i. 2. 11), "Set on, and leave no ceremony out," *ceremony* is a quadrisyllable, as it is in *Henry V*, iv. 1. 269; but since in every other case it is scanned as a trisyllable, the *cere* was probably as a rule pronounced as in *cerecloth*.

(d) In a large number of words where a liquid (*l, m, n*, or especially *r*) comes next to another consonant, an indefinite vowel sound is sometimes introduced between the two letters (just as now in many places one may hear the word *helm* pronounced *hellum*), which may be treated as forming a syllable: e.g. at i. 1. 32, *remembrance* is pronounced almost *rememberance*, and at i. 2. 21, *country* is *count(e)ry*.

(e) Conversely, a light vowel sound coming next to a liquid is often slurred and in effect dropped; so that such words as *spirit, peril, quarrel*, are often practically monosyllables. (Hence such a form as *parlous = perilous*.) Thus we have *nat(u)ral, comp(a)ny, tyr(a)nous, min(u)te*.

(f) As the sound of *f, l, m, n, r, s, ng* can be prolonged, we occasionally find them before a pause, and especially at the end of a verse, treated as equivalent to an extra syllable. In this play, however, I have noticed no instances.

(g) *th* and *v* between two vowels are often almost or entirely dropped and the two syllables run into one: as in the words *whether, whither, other, either, ever, never, even, over*. *Heaven* and *even* generally, *brother* and *father* sometimes, are treated as monosyllables.

Vowels separated by a *w* or an *h* are habitually slurred and pronounced practically as one syllable.

(h) *Fire* and similar words which in common pronunciation are dissyllables (*fi-er*, etc.) are commonly but not always scanned as monosyllables.

So *dear, where, fare*, etc. are occasionally dissyllables.

Thus, in iv. 3. 28:

May live | at peace. | He shall | conce | ä! it,
conceal appears to be trisyllabic.

(i) Other ordinary contractions, such as "we'll" for "we will," *th'* for *the* before a vowel, etc., though not shown in the spelling, are frequent.

GLOSSARY

- accost** (i. 3. 52; iii 2. 22), come alongside of. Lat. *costa*, a rib; cf. coast.
- address** (i. 4. 15), direct. Hence (2) the common Shakespearean use "prepare" and (3) the modern elliptical use, "address one's speech."
- admire** (iii. 4. 164), wonder. Lat. *admirari*. The further idea of approbation conveyed in the modern use of the word is not necessarily (though frequently) implied in Shakespeare.
- advance** (ii. 5. 36), raise.
- affect** (ii. 5. 28), feel affection for.
- affection** (i. 1. 36), inclination.
- affectioned** (ii. 3. 160), affected.
- allow** (i. 2. 59), cause to be acknowledged, from the sense "acknowledge," "approve."
- and, an** (*passim*) = if.
- anon** (*passim*), at once, softened to "before long." "Presently" has gone through precisely the same softening process: in Shakespeare it means "immediately." Der. A.S., *on, ðn*, "in one moment."
- answer'd** (iii. 3. 28, 33), atoned.
- antique** (ii. 4. 3), old-fashioned, implying quaintness as well as mere age.
- approbation** (iii. 4. 199), convincing testimony.
- apt** (i. 4. 35), fit; (v. 1. 135), ready. Lat. *aptus*, fitted.
- argument** (iii. 3. 32), subject of debate. Lat. *argumentum* (1) proof; hence (2) discussion; (3) subject. We have dropped (1), and (3) only survives in speaking of the "argument" of a play or poem.
- aught** (v. 1. 111), anything, a contraction from O. E. *ð-wiht*, otherwise familiar as "a with" (so now always with a negative).
- back-trick** (i. 3. 131), a dancing step, probably a backward spring.
- baffle** (ii. 5. 176), make contemptible. A word of Scandinavian origin. Used specifically of a punishment applied to recreant knights, of hanging them up by the heel.
- balked** (iii. 2. 26), hindered, by putting a "balk," i.e. a bar, ridge, or heap in the way.
- barful** (i. 4. 41), full of difficulties or impediments.
- barricado** (iv. 2. 41). From the same origin as bar, barrel, barrier — Celtic, according to Professor Skeat. This form is Spanish *barricada*, primarily a rampart made with barrels (*barrica*).
- bawbling** (v. 1. 57), rickety.
- bawcock** (iii. 4. 125), fine fellow. Fr. *beau coq*.
- bent** (ii. 4. 38), direction, inclination. So to "bend one's course" is to direct it. The use of "inclination" is precisely parallel. — Bend = curve, derived from *bind*; in the special application of stringing a bow and so setting it in a curve.
- beshrew** (ii. 3. 85), scold, call shrew. See *shrew*.
- bible babble** (iv. 2. 105). An onomatopœic word from the inarticulate noise made by children. Cf. *bawble*, such words as *baby, balbus* (stammerer), *βάρβαρος*, etc.

- bide** (ii. 4. 97), abide, endure. Two words, *aby*, pay, and *abide*, await, have quite lost their distinction. As with *wait* and *await*, the two forms subsist side by side; but practically *bide* holds its own in the North, while *abide* survives in the South, which has monopolized the recognized literary forms. *Abide* in this intermediate sense of "endure," is a common colloquialism, but is no longer admitted in literary English.
- blazon** (i. 5. 312), proclamation. The blazon was first the blast on the trumpet preceding the proclamation by heralds of a knight's armorial bearings. Then it was used for the armorial bearings themselves. Ger. *blasen*, blow.
- botcher** (i. 5. 51), one who botches or patches clothes; hence an inferior workman.
- bottom** (v. 1. 60), vessel.
- bound** (i. 4. 21), limit; (iii. 1. 86), on the way. The two words are wholly unconnected; nor is either of them related to "bind," or to "bound" = leap. In both cases the *d* came to be added for euphony.
- brabble** (v. 1. 68), brawl, quarrel.
- breast** (ii. 3. 20), voice.
- brock** (ii. 5. 114), badger.
- Brownist** (iii. 2. 33), a puritan of the sect whose leader was Robert Brown; better known later as Independents or Congregationalists.
- bum-bailey** (iii. 4. 194), contemptuous term for a bailiff or sheriff's officer, who lies in wait for a man and catches him from behind.
- canton** (i. 5. 289), songs.
- caper** (i. 3. 129), skip, from Lat. *caper*, a goat. A play on the name of the caper plant is implied in the next line.
- case** (v. 1. 168), skin.
- Cataian** (ii. 3. 80), Cathayan, inhabitant of Cathay, *i.e.* China.
- ceremony** (v. 1. 163), formal rites.
- champain** (ii. 5. 174), open country. Fr. *campagne*, It. *campagna*.
- chantry** (iv. 3. 24), private chapel; so called from the chanting of services; Lat. *cantare*, to sing.
- character** (i. 2. 51), outward signs of inward qualities; (v. 1. 354), handwriting.
- check** (ii. 5. 124; iii. 1. 71), a term in falconry; when the hawk pauses at sight of game or supposed game. An intransitive derived from the common transitive sense, "make to pause."
- cherry-pit** (iii. 4. 129). A children's game, played with cherry stones.
- cheveril** (iii. 1. 13), kid, *i.e.* of particularly soft and pliant material, which will fit very closely. From Low Lat. *caprella*, dim. of *capra*, she-goat.
- clerestory** (iv. 2. 41), properly a "clear story," *i.e.* a story lighted with windows; hence applied to windows high up in a wall. Der. Low Lat. *staurare* for *instaurare*, build, O. F. *estorée*, a thing built, and *clarus*, clear, bright.
- cloistress** (i. 1. 28), a female inhabitant of a cloister; a nun.
- cockatrice** (iii. 4. 215), a species of dragon, reputed to have the power of slaying by its glance; supposed to be hatched out of a fowl's egg by a serpent. Der. Spanish *cocodrillo*, *cocadriz*, crocodile, being a variant.
- cockney** (iv. 1. 15), kitchen-knave or kitchen-maid, one who serves in the kitchen or has been bred among servants; Lat. *coquina*, kitchen. The French term of contempt, *coquin*, has the same origin.

- commerce** (iii. 4. 191), conversation, intercourse.
- commodity** (iii. 1. 50), supply, consignment.
- competitors** (iv. 2. 11), associates, conspirators. Lit. fellow-seekers, people who are seeking the same thing (*con, petere*, to seek). Usually without any idea of rivalry in Shakespeare, that sense coming from the use of the word *competitor* in Latin for the rival candidates for the same office.
- comptible** (i. 5. 187), sensitive, easy to call to account.
- conceit** (iii. 4. 322), opinion, conception, hence in modern use an unduly high opinion of oneself. Lat. *concupere, conceptum*.
- coranto** (i. 3. 138), a lively dance. Der. Lat. *currere*, run.
- county** (i. 5. 320), a variant for count. Fr. *conte*.
- cousin** (i. 3. 4, etc.), used generally of near relations, uncles, nieces, as well as of the children of the same grandparents.
- coystrill** (i. 3. 43), knave. The origin is not very clear. It seems probably to come from *coustellier*, lit. a knife-man, i.e. a groom who carried a poniard, from *couteau, coutel*, knife. Hence, camp-follower; the signification becoming gradually degraded as with knave itself. The name *costeraux* was, however, applied to certain French banditti, and the two words may have been confused.
- cozier** (ii. 3. 97). A cozier or botcher stood to a tailor as a cobbler to a shoemaker—mending, patching, and cobbling being inferior branches of the craft. Hence, a term of contempt.
- crowner** (i. 5. 142), coroner; primarily an officer appointed by or to represent the crown. Lat. *corona*.
- cunning** (ii. 2. 23), craft, knowledge. A. S. *cunnen*, know, whence also *ken*.
- curst** (iii. 2. 45), sharp, cross, not accursed.
- cypress** (ii. 4. 53; iii. 1. 132). (1) From the cypress tree, (2) cypress lawn.
- dear** (v. 1. 74), costly. A. S. *deôre*, precious.
- deceiveable** (iv. 3. 21), deceptive; the passive form used for the active. See note.
- deliver** (i. 5. 222; iii. 2. 61), pronounce; (v. 1. 299), deliver the madman = pronounces the madman's message; (v. 1. 323), set free, the primary meaning. Lat. *deliberare*, set free; hence, to deliver out of one's own keeping; hence, to give to another, or to impart.
- denay** (ii. 4. 127), denial. Found also as a verb, *2 Henry VI*, i. 3. 107, "Then let him be denayed the regentship."
- diet** (iii. 3. 40), food. Gr. *δαιτῆρ*.
- dishonest** (i. 5. 46), loose, irregular in conduct.
- distempered** (i. 5. 98), out of gear.
- ducat** (i. 3. 22), a coin; so called from their being first coined in the Italian duchies. L. L. *ducatus*, a duchy, Lat. *dux*.
- estimable** (ii. 1. 28), highly esteeming.
- extent** (iv. 1. 57), attack.
- extravagancy** (ii. 1. 12), vagrancy, wandering.
- fadge** (ii. 2. 34), succeed. A. S. *faegian*, fit.
- fancy** (i. 1. 14), love.
- fell** (i. 1. 22), fierce. An O. E. word.
- fleshed** (iv. 1. 43), having tasted blood.
- fond** (ii. 2. 35), dote.
- formal** (ii. 5. 128), properly regulated, sane.
- fraught** (v. 1. 64), freight. So in *Titus Andronicus*, i. 71.

- Othello*, iii. 3. 449. The verb "to fraught" = "to burden" is common in Shakespeare, the participle only surviving with us. "Freight" and "fraught" are variants of the same word.
- fulsome** (v. 1. 112), surfeiting.
- fustian** (ii. 5. 119), pretentious.
- galliard** (i. 3. 127), a lively dance. Fr. *gaillard*.
- gaskins** (i. 5. 27), hose or breeches. Cotgrave derives from Gascon, calling them "gascony hose." The form "galligaskins" would mean "French gascony hose." Professor Skeat, however, takes "gaskins" as short for "gallo-gaskins," which he regards as a corruption of *garguesques* (for *greguesques*), Greek.
- geck** (v. 1. 351), dupe. A. S. *geac*, cuckoo; cf. *gowk*.
- gin** (ii. 5. 92), trap; properly "contrivance," requiring cleverness of construction. From Lat. *ingenium*, capacity.
- Greek** (iv. 1. 19), roysterer.
- grize** (iii. 1. 135), step. Der. Lat. *gradus*, step.
- gust** (i. 3. 33), liking, taste.
- haggard** (iii. 1. 71), untrained hawk.
- havoc** (v. 1. 209), destruction. Der. probably O. E. *hafoc*, hawk, to "cry havoc" meaning first to loose the falcon on the quarry; hence to "havoc" is to "rend," "ravage," and "havoc" becomes "rending."
- hob, nob** (iii. 4. 262), equivalent to "give or take"; "have or not have" literally; conveying the notion of defiance without parley. The modern use of the word, implying comradeship and liquor, may be attributed to the notion of challenging to drink.
- honesty** (ii. 3. 94), regularity, propriety. Lat. *honestus*, honorable; hence, respectable.
- hull** (i. 5. 216), anchor.
- humour** (i. 4. 5), fickleness.
- importance** (v. 1. 371), importunity.
- incardinate** (v. 1. 185). Sir Andrew's blunder for "incardinate."
- jealousy** (iii. 3. 8), doubt, distrust.
- jets** (ii. 5. 35), struts. Der. Fr. *jeter*, Lat. *jacitare*, throw about.
- jump** (v. 1. 259), agree.
- kickshaws** (i. 3. 122), trifles. Fr. *quelque chose*.
- knave** (ii. 3. 68, etc.), rogue. Properly "boy" or "servant"; but the meaning degenerated, as with "varlet," from "valet"; cf. *coystrill*, above. Der. O. E. *cnafa*, Ger. *knabe*. The word, however, appears to have been of Celtic origin, and adopted by the German races from the Celtic captives, who were employed as slaves.
- lapsed** (iii. 3. 36), taken off guard, caught napping.
- leasing** (i. 5. 105), lying.
- lets** (v. 1. 256), prevents.
- lief** (iii. 2. 33). I had as lief = I should like as much; from lief = dear; Ger. *lieben*, to love.
- list** (iii. 1. 87), goal, limit; properly, the fringe or border of a piece of cloth (Scand.).
- malapert** (iv. 1. 48), saucy. Fr. *mal, appert*, ready.
- maugre** (iii. 1. 163), in spite of. Fr. *mal gré*, ill-pleasing; Lat. *male gratum*.
- mellow** (i. 2. 43), ripe.
- minion** (v. 1. 128), favorite. Fr. *mignon*, pet; Ital. *mignone*.
- minx** (iii. 4. 133), a pert woman. Probably, according to Professor Skeat, a corruption of *minikin*, dim. of Dutch *minne*, love.

- misprision** (i. 5. 61), properly misunderstanding, mistaking. Fr. *méprise*. As a legal term, misprision of treason or felony meant knowledge coupled with concealment of crime.
- motion** (ii. 4. 18), emotion.
- Myrmidon** (ii. 3. 29). Used by Feste merely as a high-sounding name. The Myrmidons were properly the followers of Achilles at the siege of Troy.
- nayword** (ii. 3. 146), a byword; elsewhere, a pass word. How the term came to have either meaning is obscure.
- niggardly** (ii. 5. 5), miserly. Der. probably Scandinavian.
- nuncio** (i. 4. 28), a messenger of the Pope; hence, any messenger.
- 'od's** (v. 1. 187), God's.
- opposite** (ii. 5. 162), surly, adverse; (iii. 2. 68), adversary.
- othergates** (v. 1. 199), otherwise, another way. *Gate = way* is familiar in the North.
- owe** (i. 5. 329), own.
- pass upon** (iii. 1. 48; v. 1. 360), pass a jest on; analogous to "palm off upon," seeming rather to be derived from the tricks of a conjuror. It has also been taken as = fence (with words), a thrust in fencing being termed a pass, e.g. at iii. 4. 302.
- passage** (iii. 2. 78), imposition.
- passion** (*passim*), violent emotion; most commonly of love, but often of anger.
- patch** (i. 5. 51). Feste plays on the word patch = fool, from jesters wearing particolored garments, and patch = mend.
- pedant** (iii. 2. 80), schoolmaster.
- peevish** (i. 5. 319), forward; properly of a wayward, fretful child. The word is onomatopœic, i.e. it imitates the sound of a fretful child's voice.
- perdy** (iv. 2. 81) = *par Dieu*.
- perpend** (v. 1. 307), weigh. Lat. *pendere*, weigh. Used by Shakespeare with bombastic intention.
- perspective** (v. 1. 224). Reflecting glasses, so arranged that when looked at from one point of view a complete picture was seen; from any other, a number of distorted pictures.
- pia mater** (i. 5. 123), brain. Properly, the membrane that covers the brain.
- point-devise** (ii. 5. 177), precisely, punctiliously.
- points** (i. 5. 25), laces by which hose were fastened up. Properly, the metal tips.
- policy, politician**. Used rather in the more or less uncomplimentary sense in which we use "diplomacy" and "diplomatist" on the theory that policy does *not* agree with honesty. But the gradations between the best sense, "affairs of state, statesman," and the worst, "trickery, trickster," must be decided according to the context.
- possess** (ii. 3. 149), inform, put in full possession of the facts.
- post** (i. 5. 303), messenger. Properly, regular stations on the roads; hence, the messengers whose business it was to go from one post to the next; then messenger generally. Low Lat. *posta*, Lat. *positum*.
- praise** (i. 5. 268), for appraise.
- pranks** (ii. 4. 89), decks.
- presently** (v. 1. 176), instantly. So generally in Shakespeare. Softened since to "bye and bye." Cf. *anon*, above.
- prevent** (iii. 1. 94), anticipate. This, like the common modern sense, is derived from the primary sense of go before; from Lat. *prae*, before, *venire*, to come.
- proof** (iii. 1. 135), matter of experience.

- proper** (iii. 1. 144), handsome; (v. 1. 327), own; from the two senses of Lat. *proprium*, suitable, and own.
- propertied** (iv. 2. 99), made a chattel of.
- quaff** (i. 3. 15), drink. The *ff* has been substituted for the guttural, found in Scotch *quaich*, cup.
- quirk** (iii. 4. 268), temper, turn of mind, from Celtic root meaning *turn*.
- rascal** (i. 5. 90), worthless fellow; transferred from its technical sense of a "lean deer." Cf. *jade*, as a term of abuse transferred from its proper sense of a horse in bad condition.
- receiving** (iii. 1. 131), capacity, understanding.
- recover** (ii. 3. 200), win, attain.
- renegado** (iii. 2. 74), apostate, one who denies the faith he has held. Lat. *re-*, *negare*, deny.
- revels** (i. 3. 145), merry-making; properly, by night. Fr. *reveiller*, wake, be awake.
- round** (ii. 3. 102), plain-spoken.
- rubious** (i. 4. 32), red like a ruby. The word does not occur elsewhere.
- rudesby** (iv. 1. 55), rude fellow.
- sack** (ii. 3. 206), wine prepared from dried grapes (not "dry" wine in the modern sense). Fr. *sec*, Sp. *secco*, dry.
- sad** (iii. 4. 5), sober; so often without the sense of sorrowful. Der. *sated*, so *heavy*.
- scathful** (v. 1. 59), harmful.
- schedules** (i. 5. 263), lists, inventories; from the sense "scroll," Lat. *schedula*, a strip of paper; so spelled perhaps because borrowed from Greece, and derived from *σχιζεω*, to cleave; but there may have been a form *scidula*, from root *scid*, of *scindere*, to cut.
- semblative** (i. 4. 34), like, resembling. Shakespeare coined the word. Fr. *sembler*, seem.
- shent** (iv. 2. 112), reproved. A. S. *scendan*, put to shame.
- shrew, shrewd, shrewish, be-shrew**. The "shrew mouse" being credited with a vicious temper, the name was applied to a sharp-tempered woman. So *shrewish* = ill-tempered; *shrewd* = sharp, cutting, and hence clever; *be-shrew* = to call shrew, to abuse.
- singularity** (ii. 5. 165), aloofness.
- sirrah** (v. 1. 148), sir; used only to inferiors.
- skills** (v. 1. 295), matters.
- skipping** (i. 5. 213), foolish, flighty.
- 'slid, 'sight, etc.** For "God's lid," "God's light"; a common form of swearing, of which the latest survival was *zounds* = God's wounds.
- slough** (ii. 5. 162), apparel.
- sneak up** (ii. 3. 101), go hang.
- sooth** (ii. 4. 47), truth.
- Sophy** (ii. 5. 199). The Shah of Persia.
- sowter** (ii. 5. 135), bungler, as if a name for a badly trained hound. Properly *sowter* = cobbler (cf. *botcher*, above), and so, bungler. The term in the proper sense survives in the North. Der. Fr. *savater*.
- spleen** (iii. 2. 72), a violent fit of laughter.
- squash** (i. 5. 166), an unripe peascod.
- staniel** (ii. 5. 124), kestrel; a kind of hawk.
- stock** (i. 3. 144), stocking.
- stoup** (ii. 3. 14), cup, of no definite measure.
- stout** (ii. 5. 185), surly.
- stuck** (iii. 4. 303), a fencing term. Ital. *stoccata*, from *stocco*, a short sword.
- suit**, lit. following; with verb *sue*, *pursue*. Der. Lat. *sequi*, *secutus*, follow, Fr. *suiivre*.

- swabber** (i. 5. 217), cabin-boy; applied by Viola to Maria. From the "swab" or mop used in cleaning decks.
- swarths** (ii. 3. 162), swathes, bundles. Properly, of the bundle of hay formed by one stroke of the scythe.
- tabor** (iii. 1. 2), a drum.
- taffeta** (ii. 4. 76), silk. Der. Per. *tāftah*.
- take up** (iii. 4. 320), make up (a quarrel).
- tall** (i. 3. 20), valiant, sturdy.
- Tartar** (ii. 5. 223), Tartarus, the abode of the wicked in the nether world, in Greek mythology.
- taste** (iii. 1. 86, 4. 267), make trial of.
- testril** (ii. 3. 34), sixpence. Corruption of Fr. *teston*, a small coin, so named from the "head" (*tête*) stamped on one side.
- trade** (iii. 1. 82), business, generally without any idea of an interchange of goods.
- tray-trip** (ii. 5. 208), a game played with dice; so called from the importance of throwing the "trey" or "three."
- trice** (iv. 2. 134), instant, a fraction of a moment, literally one-third.
- troth** (i. 3. 4), faith.
- tuck** (iii. 4. 244), sword. Fr. *estoc*, Ital. *stucco*. Cf. **stuck**, above.
- uncurrent** (iii. 3. 16), not current.
- undertaker** (iii. 4. 349), agent.
- unhatched** (iii. 4. 257), unhacked.
- unkind** (iii. 4. 402), unnatural, wanting in natural feeling. So *kind* is properly "natural." Allied to *kin*.
- unprizable** (v. 1. 58). May mean (1) not worth taking (Fr. *pris*, taken); (2) not liable to capture; or (3) above price (Lat. *pretium*).
- validity** (i. 1. 12), value.
- villain** (ii. 5. 15), rogue. Properly a serf, bondman, from Low Lat. *villanus*, farm servant. For the degeneration, cf. **knave**, above.
- viol-de-gamboys** (i. 3. 27), violoncello; so called because held between the legs. Ital. *gamba*, thigh.
- weeds** (v. 1. 262), garments.
- welkin** (ii. 3. 59), sky. Ger. *wölken*, clouds.
- wit** (i. 2. 61), wisdom, intelligence; not wittiness. A. S. *witan*, to know.
- withal**. An intensive form of *with*. (1) = with (preposition); (2) = therewith; (3) = besides (conjunction).
- yare** (iii. 4. 244), smart. A. S. *gearu*, ready.
- yond** (i. 5. 147), yonder.
- zany** (i. 5. 96), buffoon. Ital. *zane*, Jack, an abbreviation of *Giovanni* = John.

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